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THE BORE OF THE SANCTUM

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Again I hear that creaking step!
He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes but never goes.

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote),
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry-door.

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills,
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote,
He thinks the writer did me wrong,
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "*Adieu!*"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that like an Autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off;
Put crape upon the door;
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes;
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

LABOR.

BY N. P. ROGERS.

I deny that Labor ought to be degraded, or ought to starve. I am bold to deny it. I hazard the startling assertion, that Work ought not to go hungry, or naked, but have something to eat, and to wear. I say nobody, that earns a living by labor, ought to go without it, and I might venture further—that nobody, able to labor, but who does not labor, ought to have a living. I would give them one for the honor of the race, or as God sends rain on the unjust, but they do not deserve it. No laborer should want, and no idler should enjoy,—and no man has a right to be idle. He may be for all *me*, but not for all himself. He owes it to himself, to earn his bread at the least,—and to earn it by useful labor, and not useless—much less mischievous labor,—as too many earn, or get it by now. Further, as no man has a right to be idle, and live on the earnings of others, so no man ought to be obliged to support the idle, or to labor much (if any) beyond support of himself. There ought, of course, to be labor enough done on the earth, to support all its inhabitants, richly—and if it were properly shared, no one would need do more, and none would do less. Men have no right to overwork themselves, if they can help it. They owe it to their nature and to God, who is dishonored (if that is possible) in its degradation. It is in derogation of glorious human nature, to overwork it, and more grossly so, to have it slothful and idle, and basely live on the unrequited toil of others.

Every one owes it to himself, as well as to his otherwise overburdened and injured neighbor, to do manual labor enough, to earn the bread he consumes, and all his support. He must earn it for himself, or somebody else must earn it for him, which is clearly wrong. He may say he pays for his support, but he ought to consider that he pays money that is not his own,—for he did not earn it—and social combinations that cast it upon him, are vicious,—and in violation of human welfare and right. I would not disturb them violently—but I think they are wrong, and will say so.

If everybody worked as much as they ought to, nobody would be obliged to work more than they ought to, which would be a mighty amelioration of human condition and character. A people broken down with labor, whether free labor (so called) or slave, must be morally degraded. It is easy for a Priesthood to ride such a people. They have not the leisure, nor the elasticity of soul to appreciate or assert their own freedom. Their backs are bowed down, like a kneeling camel's, and the Priest mounts them easily, and rides all their miserable lives long.

Everybody ought to earn his own living by manual labor, and if practicable, had better earn thus much, by cultivating the face of the ground. To say nothing of the healthfulness of such labor and the enjoyment of it,—which everybody needs—there is an independence about it, a certainty of remuneration, that human injustice or folly cannot defeat. And then it is due the face of our mother earth. The glorious old mother, her children (for they all repose in her motherly lap) owe it to her, to keep her whole face, where there is terra firma for the noble plow, dressed to her taste and their own. They ought to deck her "universal face in pleasant green." And labor enough done by all, to earn their living, would do it. There need not a man overtoil himself, to turn all earth into a paradise,—a fit abode for gods—and godlike creatures would then inhabit it. Mechanical labor is useful, necessary, honorable. But prosecuted constantly and uninterruptedly, it is not so healthful or pleasant as when mingled with the cultivation and adornment of the earth, nor so sure of requital. He who vests his labor in the faithful ground is dealing directly with God, and human fraud or weakness does not intervene between him and his requital. He is very apt to get his reward. The mechanic is quite apt to fail of his. No mechanic has a set of customers equally trustworthy as God and the elements,—or so unfailingly able, as well as willing to pay. No savings bank even is so sure as the old earth, to restore all its deposits, and with overflowing and gushing usury. Every mechanic knows his own condition best, perhaps. But am I extravagant in saying it would be well for every one to cultivate the earth enough to raise his own support? There is enough earth for all—provided humanity could be allowed to come on to it and dig.

The earth is as fine a one as God could furnish us. I don't believe the Clergy or the Legislature could better it—*or* our honester friends who are looking for the Prince of Peace to come with the torch of the incendiary and set it a-fire. I tell our conflagration friends, by the way, if Christ touches match to this glorious earth of ours (which if He be God, He made to the best of His Almighty skill) and burns it up—or burns a single human creature that sins and suffers on its surface, He is not the "Son of Man" revealed in the New Testament. There is not a trait of character of Him, delineated in the Gospel, that such an act would not violate and outrage. No, let no such inflammatory scenes be anticipated. Would we burn the earth, and our miserable neighbors,—if we felt right towards them? No—nor if we felt right, should we ever expect God would do any such thing. It is only when we are wrong and wicked, ourselves, that we clothe our God with such an incendiary and revengeful disposition. Nero set Rome a-fire and played on the fiddle at sight of the conflagration—Nero would most naturally attribute to God the disposition he was then manifesting.

But the earth is as beautiful as God could make it. They complain of its being cursed. The only curse now resting on it, it seems to me, is the curse of an indolent, idle tyranny, and the curse of down-trodden, back-broken labor. No wonder the earth is cursed and blasted. See war let loose upon it, under the sanction of religion, to devastate what poor, desponding Labor has done towards its adornment. See how it drives its harnessed horses through the harvest field, and ruts it with its accursed cannon-wheels, and tears the sweet green sward with its murderous shot. And how it mows down the laborers, manuring the earth with their bones. That is all war ever does for agriculture. It manures the ground with the blood and the bones of the cultivator. Waterloo, they say, was made fat in this way, by that darling system of Kings and Clergy. They rained blood on that field, and the plaster of Paris they spread on for manure, was the bleached and powdered bones of the soldiery.

COOPER UNION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

The Trustees announce that since the execution and delivery of the deed by Peter Cooper, Esq., conveying to them in fee-simple, without reservation of any kind, the property at the junction of the Third and Fourth avenues, commonly known as the Cooper Institute, with all its rents, issues, and profits, they have been diligently engaged in organizing the Institution upon the several trusts contained in the deed.

The School of Design for Females

Will open for the reception of pupils on the 26th of September, under the direction of T. Addison Richards, M.A., assisted by Mr. Robert O'Brien in the department of engraving on wood and copper. The design of this school is to prepare females to become teachers of drawing and painting, and to enable them to earn a livelihood by engraving. Pupils will be received into the industrial classes without charge, on complying with the rules of the school, which can be obtained at the office of the Union.

Reading Room

The great Hall on the third floor has been arranged as a reading room, and will be supplied with all the leading foreign and domestic newspapers and magazines. It will be open after the 1st of November, from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M., free to all persons, male and female, of good moral character, who comply with the regulations. This department is designed especially for the use and instruction of the working classes; but none will be excluded so long as its capacity is not exhausted.

Attached to the reading room is a gallery of art, in which are deposited the Bryan Collection, and other works of art, which will be open day and night, without charge to the public.

Department of Night Instruction.

Regular classes will be formed for instruction in architectural, free-hand, and mechanical Drawing (including the Designing of Furniture), Chemistry, Mechanical Philosophy, Mathematics, and Music. These classes are designed especially for the improvement of mechanics and mechanics' apprentices; but, as the arrangements are adequate for at least 800 pupils in each branch, no applicants will be rejected, unless the rooms are crowded, in which cases the preference will be given to the working classes. The instruction will be entirely free, but will be systematic, and continued orally, and by text-books and recitations, from about the 1st of November until the 1st of June. Only persons entering for the course will be received in any of these classes; but the public will be permitted to occupy the vacant seats at any of the lectures.

The instruction in Chemistry will be given by Prof. John C. Draper; in Mathematics, by Prof. B. S. Hedrick; in Mechanical Philosophy, by Prof. L. Reuben.

The Drawing Classes will be under the charge of competent instructors in the several branches, with especial reference to the business of the pupils.

The instruction in Music will be given by Dr. Chas. Guilmette, and will consist of Physiology, Pathology, and Hygiene, as pertaining to the vocal and respiratory systems, classical *solfeggi*, vocalization, and lyrical declamation.

On Saturday evening, one lecture-room will be at the disposal of the students, for the purposes of debate and mutual instruction.

Applicants for admission to any or all these classes will register their names, ages (which must not be less than sixteen years except by special permission), and residence, with a certificate of good moral character, without delay, at the office of the Union, between the hours of 9 and 10 A. M., and on Saturday evenings from 6 to 8, when tickets of admission will be issued.

In these departments no preliminary education will be required, except such as may be acquired at the public night schools, as the courses given in the Union are intended to impart such instruction only as cannot be got elsewhere by night, without charge.

Free Public Lectures.

The Trustees are making arrangements, which will be announced hereafter, for a course of free public lectures, on topics of a useful character and general interest, to be delivered in the great hall of the Union on Monday evening of each week. No charge will be made for admission, but tickets will be given to such persons only as shall apply for the same at the office in advance.

Society of the Associates.

As this Society has the right of visitation of the entire institution, the Trustees are desirous that it shall be a large, respectable, and influential organization, representing all classes in the community. The Society will have the free use of the great hall of the Union one night in each week, and many other important privileges. It is expected to correspond nearly with the Society of Arts in London, which has been productive of so much benefit to the industry of Great Britain. As it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the Trustees to make a selection, which would not be open to criticism, they propose to address a circular to the members of the leading literary, scientific, artistic, and industrial associations of this city, inviting them to become the original "Associates of the Union," thus realizing practically the idea of Mr. Cooper in the selection of the title of the Corporation. The members over 21 years of age of the following societies, among others, will be thus invited: The Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, the Chamber of Commerce, the Historical Society, the American Geographical and Statistical Society, the Society Library, Mercantile Library and Clinton Hall Association, the Alumni, associates, trustees and professors of Columbia College; the New York University, and the Free Academy; the American Institute, the Mechanics' Institute, the Horticultural Society, the American Institute of Architects, the Photographic Society, the National Academy of Design, the Century, the Athenæum, the Lyceum of Natural History, the Law Institute, the Academy of Medicine, the Sanitary Association, the Clergy of New York, and the Teachers in the Public Schools.

The original associates will make such rules and regulations for future admission of members, and the organization of the society, as they may see fit, subject to the conditions of the charter.

Dedication.

The public dedication of the "Union" will take place in June next, by which time it is to be hoped that all the departments of the Institution, except the Polytechnic School, will be in full operation.

By order of the Trustees,
JAMES T. HODGE, Assistant Secretary.
New York, Sept. 24, 1859.

TWO PARTINGS.

We parted once before. You wept
When I rose up to go, you did;
You prayed for me before you slept,
You little love, you know you did!

And no grief now is on that brow,
Which then, you said, throbb'd so, you did;
You loved me better then than now—
You cruel thing, you know you did!

Do you remember what the sea,
I took you out to show you, did?
You made a pretty simile;
You false of tongue, you know you did!

You sighed, "That life were like its creats
When sunshine breezes blow," you did;
"To catch love's light before it rests!"
You cold, cold heart, you know you did.

What have I done! You smile no more
On me as months ago you did;
You deem my homage now a bore;
You liked it then, you know you did.

"How blest," you said, "were life with one
Who'd love me truly!" O, you did!
But—you thought I was an elder son—
You utter flirt, you know you did!

MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

Every career has its crowning point. A man may go on for a while outdoing himself, but sooner or later he reaches his climax. At some moment or other, circumstances take a happy turn—time and place are exactly appropriate—his lucky star is completely in the ascendant. The child of fortune is ready for the opportunity, whether the implement is anchors, nails, a key *d'accord* is the result. Last Tuesday seems to have been an occasion of this sort for Mr. Spurgeon. He can never hope to improve on the sayings and doings amidst which the foundation-stone of his monster Tabernacle was laid. He shone out in his brightest colors. The *Morning Advertiser* has recorded for us the details of the ceremonial, and they seem to be well worthy of attention as a specimen of the sort of thing that is considered useful and edifying by a large section of society. It must be surely worth while to see what manner of man it is who, week after week, speaks with such force to thousands of well-meaning, serious people, on the most important subjects—who approves himself to their taste and reason, and expounds to them a system of morals and a theory of the unseen world. With respect to Mr. Spurgeon's disciples, we should be sorry to say anything that could seem offensive or disagreeable. Their tastes and ours are so widely different that discussion between us is hopeless. None, however, but a feeble and irritable nature could be so absorbed by their eccentricities as to lose sight of their many sterling and excellent qualities. As to Mr. Spurgeon, he himself has put us quite at our ease in writing about him. In one of his speeches on Tuesday, he enunciated his views on the subject of the Press. From praise and censure he feels equally secure. Hostile criticism only adds another to his list of triumphs. If newspaper writers "attack him, or attempt to combat his doctrines, he will come out all the stronger." If, on the other hand, in a too generous moment, we should be hurried into a strain of unmeasured eulogium, still no harm can come of it. "When the Press begins to praise him, he feels the necessity of Divine support to keep him humble." The worst result, then, can be but to drive him upon his knees, and we may safely venture to scrutinise the scene in which he played so conspicuous a part.

Mr. Spurgeon has resolved upon recording his success as a preacher in the most unmistakable manner. A huge building, which is to cost £30,000, and to hold between six and seven thousand people, is to be the future scene of his exploits. It is to shine, as the *Morning Advertiser* tells us, in all the splendor of Kentish rag with Bath facings, and "to be in what is technically known as the Corinthian style." In front there will be a fine portico, while either side will be flanked by towers. What a paradise for eye and ear the whole will form! What a triumph of civilisation, that by a skilful arrangement of twopenny omnibuses all these delights should be brought within the reach of every old woman in the metropolis! Mr. Spurgeon might well be in good spirits. A little exultation at such a moment was surely appropriate—the hero of such an occasion could not be otherwise than facetious. Indeed he seems to have been in one of his happiest veins of humor, and to have taken a distinctly comic view of the proceedings from beginning to end. His first joke was not a bad one, and told immensely. He advanced, bottle in hand, to the foundation-stone. The bottle contained, as he told the spectators, not current coins of the realm, "for they had none of them to spare"—not newspapers, for they would have been cleanly out of place, though it would have been a cheering thought that a copy of the *Saturday Review* reposed in so hallowed a locality. What, then, were its contents, that combined the two essentials of being at once valuable and appropriate? Any one who did not know Mr. Spurgeon's capacity for fun might be surprised to learn that they consisted of a Bible, a Baptist confession of faith, a hymn-book, and a programme of the day's proceedings. This, of course, put every one into thoroughly good spirits. But the speaker did not allow himself to lose sight of the real business of the day. A gentleman from Bristol was introduced, and announced a subscription of £2000 to the Tabernacle. Imagine the sufferers of the assembly! Imagine Mr. Spurgeon's eye fluttering finely in the background! But the gentleman from Bristol did not stop here. He was authorised to say that if twenty gentlemen would subscribe £100 apiece, another £2000 would be forthcoming to match their gift. Mr. S. Peto put off on once. Mr. Spurgeon followed with another £100. And then things took an amusing turn again. The platform was cleared, and the happy contributors, in deficiency of certain obsolete and absurd notions about not doing good works to be seen of men, were requested to descend, deposited their offerings on the stone, and were rewarded by the privilege of shaking hands with the great man himself. Conceive the enthusiasm of a dissident lady at having actually touched her Spurgeon! By this time the shades of evening were gathering, and the company adjourned to the "Repository, lent for the occasion"—an elysium of flags, flowers, variegated lamps, and tea—a sort of serious-minded Cremorne. And here no less a person than the Lord Mayor took up the running. With natural pride he reflected on the fact of their assembling as they did, *sub* with the guardians of the peace around us, to prevent disturbance." He pointed out the evident superiority of "our beloved young friend, Mr. Spurgeon," to those poor blindlings who tend their flocks trammelled with episcopal ordination or State authority; and he ended his speech by a most flattering assurance. "My friends," exclaimed the orator, "I believe that religious truth and religious freedom are quite safe in such hands as yours." Less distinguished performers followed. The claims of business began to grow more urgent. Mr. Spurgeon naturally felt uneasy at the chance of the £4000 escaping him. The gentleman from Bristol, as he could not get it in hundreds, offered to take it in fifties, and to give three months credit. Then followed a hymn, *during* which a number of other subscriptions were announced. The effect of this must have been very fine. The announcements must have formed a pleasing *obbligato* to the sacred melody, and the whole must have presented an almost unexampled opportunity for combining heavenly thoughts with considerations of a less sublime description. Matters were now drawing to a close; for the inventive resources even of a Spurgeon are exhaustible. The curtain falls at last upon a comic gentleman, who is received with roars of applause, "and cheered continuously throughout a very humorous and characteristic speech."

What are we to think of the man who sets all this frotched excitement in motion, and makes himself the centre of it? Does he deserve pity or censure the most? He is, no doubt, a success. "Non cuivis contigit adire Corinthum"—it is not every stump-orator who gets a Tabernacle with Corinthian columns. But, on the other hand, it is the misfortune of few to record their vanity and presumption in so huge and lasting a memorial. Man's follies, for the most part, die with them; but Mr. Spurgeon's arrogance can hope for no such speedy oblivion. This Tabernacle is a sort of challenge to other times and systems. It is to show the Church what a young Nonconformist can effect; it is to throw all old-fashioned establishments into the shade; it is a sort of slight on the past. The modest buildings where his fathers worshipped, and where those whose office Mr. Spurgeon inherits, performed their duties with decency and faithfulness, are quite inadequate for his superior powers. The Tabernacle may, therefore, at any moment become comparatively useless. Its size will be such that few men are likely to be heard in it, still fewer to possess that [illegible] Spurgeon to collect those vast multitudes around him. A great sum will have been expended to gratify a vulgar whim. Looking at it from another point of view, we cannot congratulate the Baptists on their future place of assembly. We like Dissent as we have known her, *simplex munditiis*, in her modest attire of whitewash and plaster. She will not appear half so respectable in her fine new clothes; she will not be at her ease with towers and porticos; we shall fail to recognise our old friend. "Eh! non, non, ce n'est plus Lisette?" Her champion, in bedizening her, will have robbed her of her most pleasing characteristics.

But, if the end is objectionable and in bad taste, far more are the means which Mr. Spurgeon adopts to accomplish it. The proceedings of Tuesday wear an offensively commercial aspect. Mr. Spurgeon's orations seem always to conclude with an appeal for supplies. There is a most suspicious anxiety that his hearers' devotion should take the form of contributions towards the Tabernacle. He has one eye on their souls and the other on their pockets. He mourns over the funds that find their way to other causes than that of truth, and, with all the emphasis of alliteration, complains that "the Protestantism of England is the Pope's paymaster." *Virtus laudatur et alget*, but the modern saint has no relish for such unsubstantial fare as simple applause. Like Sir Hudibras' "puissant sword," which was furnished

"With basket hilt, that would hold broth,
And served for fight and dinner both,"

Mr. Spurgeon's doctrines, after slaying the enemies of the Lord, are available for domestic purposes, and bear a distinct relation to the Three-per-cents.

Mr. Spurgeon's vulgarities seem to us no mere surface fault. If it were so, we should have been content to leave him to his admirers. The harm that such men as this effect lies very much deeper. They degrade the systems of which they profess themselves the advocates. The most elevated doctrines, the sublimest ideas, the most refined sentiments, get a tinge of coarseness in their hands. One touch of Spurgeon vulgarises the whole. But this is not all. Such a style of preaching as his tends more than anything else to foster a random, shallow, utterly insufficient way of thinking on the gravest subjects. It is for the interest of us all that the tremendous questions which form the basis of all theological speculation should be approached with something of that caution and reverence to which their magnitude and importance justly entitle them. We are all concerned that the domain of thought should not be surrendered into the hands of a mob, that difficult points should not be decided by a boy, and that the persons most entitled to speak with authority should always be secure of a calm hearing. Such congregations as will assemble in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle go far to render such a state of things impossible. The passions of an ignorant, excited multitude become, in fact, the ultimate test of truth. Any piece of rhetoric that tickles the ear passes muster as a sound argument—old worn-out fallacies make their appearance as fresh as ever—accuracy, research, thoughtfulness, are simply thrown away—all that the preacher aims at is to startle, dazzle, or amuse. It is essential to him not only to speak with unhesitating distinctness upon abstruse subjects, but to carry that distinctness a great deal further than the nature of things will rightly admit of. Mr. Spurgeon accepts the necessities of his position—he rushes in where angels fear to tread. All his outlines are sharp and definite; he handles the mysteries of God with that easy familiarity which is so near akin to contempt; he is as much at home in the world of spirits as in the Surrey Halls. With all the temerity of ignorance, he makes merry with difficulties which have been the perplexity of the noblest understandings. Jumping and shrieking, he struts on his own dunghill, and crows his note of triumph to his admiring audience. Never was mortal more completely self-satisfied. "Him no one despite-cast on in scittle," says Mr. Spurgeon, "que de quoi elle se plaist plus que soi-même admirer ne de petit vaisseau contenir plaire." Had he been writing in the eighteenth century, would he not have devoted a spiteful essay to the hero of the Southwark Tabernacle?—*Saturday Review, Aug. 20th.*

LIFE NOW-A-DAYS.

Life is but a span—of horses;
One is "Age," the other Prime;
Up and down the hill our course is;
"Go in ponies"—"make your time."

Boyhood plies the whip of pleasure;
Youthful folly give the stroke;
Manhood goads them at his leisure,
"Let 'em rip," "they're tough as oak."

"Hi, ya! there," the stakes we'll pocket;
To the wind let care be sent;
Time, 2:40. "Whip in socket,
Give 'em string, and let 'em went."

On the sunny road to fifty,
"Prime," is drowned in Lethe's stream,
"Age" is left, lame, old, unthrifty;
Life then proves a one-hoss team.

"Age" jogs on, grows quite unsteady,
Reels and slackens in his pace;
"Kicks the bucket" always ready;
"Gives it up"—Death wins the race.

[APROPOS OF MICHELET'S "LOVE."]

L'AMOUR.

Que qu' c' est q' ça?

—OR—

LOVE, WHAT IS IT?

BY A POOR YOUNG MAN.

With a Preface which has nothing to do with that of Pinney.

Done into English, for the NEW-YORK SATURDAY PRESS,

BY FRANK WOOD.

[Concluded.]

The Languishing of Love and Adultery.

Should the wife nurse her infant?

Yes, if she has the physical faculty therefor.

It is not only a pleasant thing for her to have the child who has cost her so much pain, always near her, but it is also part of a very subtle game.

So long as the wife nurses the babe, she makes sure of the delicate attentions of her husband. The latter continues his little cares as at the solemn moment of confinement.

That is, however, the duty of the husband.

Is it not nearly the same thing whether the wife carries the child within her, or feeds it on her own blood?

Is it not a great happiness for the husband to receive, not the first caresses of the child, but at least the first look from her infant eyes.

Do not let nurses into the house. The nurse has, or is thought to have, a certain affection for the child confided to her. Her devotion will be less if the child has the caresses of its mother, and this mental coolness will have its corresponding dangerous effect physically.

But, frankly, am I not straying too far away from my subject, and am I not completely missing the path to the solution of my usual question, What is love?

First, it is to you, husband, that I address myself.

You have fits of vexation, which I understand and excuse. The family is not exempt from annoyances, but, after all, you have to count the cost of everything.

Your mind is preoccupied.

Then what do you do?

You go to the café in the evening. You play dominoes with some fool or other. You drink beer and you smoke.

And during this time, your wife mends your stockings and suffers from ennui.

You go to the club, where you talk "man's talk," which very much resembles asses' talk, and you smoke in the billiard-room with your cronies.

And during this time, your noble spouse is talking small talk with a banker in a very small way, or with an *attaché* to the embassy.

I will suppose that you stay at home, and that you always pass the evening with your wife.

You smoke a large pipe, you spit frequently, you wear large, ungainly slippers, and you swallow a glass of brandy from time to time.

And your wife thinks, to-day, that you are very unconstrained.

To-morrow, she will think you ill-bred.

Day after to-morrow, gross.

In a week, vile.

And the wife will be right.

"Don't you smoke?" you are going to say to me.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then?"

"Well! If I were married, I should smoke in the morning, at noon, and in the afternoon; but I should not pass my evenings in ejecting saliva in the presence of my wife, nor in making her cough with my tobacco-smoke. I would not drink liquor in the evening, so as not to have a bad breath at night. I would not expose my wife to the importunities, the annoyances, and the weariness of the people who may come to see her in the evening. Above all, I would beware of all nice young men. And I would not go to the club or the café, to testify by my presence there my absence from the conjugal roof.

"If tobacco were not distasteful to my wife, I should teach her to smoke cigarettes.

I should smoke my pipe, if she did not object to it, and in that case only.

"What delicate romps we would have, sitting alone, and both smoking, at the evening fireside! We would puff little clouds of smoke at each other, then we would laugh, then we would go after the smoke, and find—a kiss.

"Then we would wet our lips in the same glass of *eau-sucrée* and orange-flower; playfully at first, then so as to have a fresh breath the next morning.

"If my wife could not smoke, I would not smoke either.

"That she might not get into the habit of taking snuff—an awful thing in a woman—I would abandon the practice myself, if I had it.

"I think I hear some one indicating to me still another use for tobacco.

"'Say no more, you disgusting wretch!'"

The child is out to nurse, and the mother is in the habit of dividing her caresses.

Draw near, husband, and you will receive the share for both.

Beware, if you go away.

It's over, now. We have children, or we don't have them. Mine is out to nurse; let's talk no more about it.

You go into society. You meet your equals, superiors, and inferiors. You talk with them about your affairs. Your wife talks as well as you, you say, and you are right.

You think there are no handsome men in the company. But look at that young man at the other end of the room.

He is an idler, a good-for-nothing, a ninny. He does not even know enough to say a word.

Yes, but he has a very great advantage on his side—he has one of those faces which women dream about.

No, you will say; he has a stupid look!

Bright or stupid, it matters but little. Your wife read, yesterday, in a novel: "He said nothing, but he had a face you would dream about."

You talk of business, the man with the stupid look says nothing; she thinks of the fool, and at night she will dream about him.

If that individual is not what you suppose him to be, you are h——!

Take care, too, that you do not deceive yourself. If you are a grocer, you cannot be a physiognomist.

Never have a friend, if you can help it, oh vulgar man!

Never entrust your sympathies to people before knowing them well, and it takes a hundred years to know a man through and through.

Exalt the virtues of your friend, if you must have one. Say that he is honest, when your wife is acquainted with your business affairs, and knows that you are a cheat.

For, after all, what respectable man is there who, at least once in his life, did not deserve six months of prison?

Some day when she is in a bad humor, speak of the excellent character of your friend. If your wife says to you: "My dear, have your moustache cut off,"

Answer her: "What for! to look like my friend Adolphe, who is so ugly?"

If you do one of these little things, which, by running counter to one of your wife's pet ideas, transform it into a fixed resolution, you are, my dear friend, either actually or in intention, a ——!

Your wife is better than you are, I suppose, and am even certain. With the exception of bluestockings, women are always better than men.

She sees that a danger is near.

She takes your hand in hers, passes her arm around your neck, kisses you, and says to you, with her eyes looking straight into yours, and her voice interrupted by sobs:

"My dear, send away Mr. So-and-so; I don't like him."

Then you—either stupidly, or for the sake of your financial interests, or from low-mindedness, or through silly innocence—answer her:

"But he is such a worthy man, such an honest partner, such a good fellow, and I like him so. You do wrong not to like him."

Your wife had a wicked thought which she fought against. You make that thought her companion, and you are the instrument of her dishonor.

You strike your wife.

Wretch!

If your wife's love languishes, and she conveys her evil thoughts to you, without telling you of them, seek a refuge afar off, away from society.

If your wife is sick, watch over her, care for her, and above all, show a solicitude for her. Tell her that she was beautiful, and that she will become so again.

Women is sickness, and man is the physician, said Hippocrates.

Let ingenious minds seek a remedy to known dishonor—a settlement or arrangement of some sort. They have the right so to do. But one thing is certain, and that is, that they will not find it.

But does not the husband also deceive the wife?

Oh yes! he deceives her certainly, and very often, too.

Who is the most guilty, the husband who deceives his wife, or the wife who deceives her husband?

The husband.

Ninety-nine husbands out of a hundred deserve to be deceived by their wives.

No woman deserves, originally, to be deceived by her husband.

Ah! you degrade your wife to the level of a kitchen-drab; you make her sweep the floor, and haggle with the butcher for the meat that must be cooked to suit your palate at dinner!

You refuse to her that worship which, before marriage, was more assiduous, more thorough, with you, than that you paid your God; you refuse her a temple, an altar.

You put her beneath your interests, your country, your family.

You have a religion, one of those sublime doubts which produce faith.

And you neglect the religion of Nature, that which does not admit of the slightest incredulity—the palpable, living, flesh-and-blood religion.

The religion of woman!

Let your wife pray, and do not disturb her. Let her kneel before her God. Rest assured that she is praying for you.

But as for you, down on your knees before woman, that sublime manifestation of God on earth.

God wills it so.

Have you not, then, understood the meaning of that sublime parable which has inspired so many great artists:

HOLY MARY, PRAY FOR US!

You see, religion says to you: "Pray to woman; she will pray for you."

Let us see, where am I?

The husband who deceives is more guilty than the wife who yields. Because the husband hardly ever does what he ought to do. Because, blinded by pride, he thinks himself the woman's master. And because the woman is excusable for having a weakness for the one who is the first, either actually or apparently, to fulfill his duties towards her.

If you talk to me of honor, reputation, and all that rubbish of stereotyped prejudice, I will say this to you:

There are ninety-nine husbands like you in every hundred. You are deceived. You fight a duel with your wife's lover. He kills you. So much the better.

When you were married, you contracted the solemn engagement, before God and before Reason, to fulfil your duties towards your wife. You fail in the holiest of them all—adoration.

In steps a dandy and takes your place.

Your wife revenges herself, that is all.

Well! I here declare—and this is the greatest thing I can say in favor of the married woman:

There are ninety-nine husbands out of a hundred who deserve to be deceived. Not thirty of them are!

And out of a hundred husbands, deceived or not, there are perhaps ninety-nine who have—carnally speaking—deceived their wives.

And yet they have the face, often when returning from the consummation of their infidelity, if they catch their rival in *flagrante delicto*, to kill him on the spot.

If an idea is a fortune, I am no longer a poor young man.

At the risk of being disowned by my papa, I declare that I have not derived these ideas from the book in question—that they have not been instilled into my mind by my papa. But I must confess, however, that Papa Feuillet has most charming ideas about domestic life. His moral has such an odor of the thyme and the laurel that it fairly makes your mouth water.

Is it my fault alone if, of my brothers, I love Carnioli better than Roswein?

You must agree that if I am a poor young man, Roswein, the artist with the handkerchief, is a very poor sort of young man indeed.

[Continued on fourth page.]

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

The New York *Times* is making preparations,—laying the saw-dust, spreading the carpet, etc.,—for turning a new and wonderful somersault, and coming down plump upon its late idol, LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The *Herald* itself—its prototype—never contemplated a bolder feat; only, the *Herald* would have done it at once, and had no compunctions about it.

The *Times* has found out, at last, that Louis Napoleon is not only opposed to the liberty of the press, but that he has no idea of relaxing his opposition.

And this the *Times* don't like. In fact, it feels very bad about it. Disappointed, at first, at his not having given liberty to Italy (which every sensible man knew he had no idea of doing), and then delighted, in a small way, at his having given liberty to the exiles, it hoped against hope, finally, that he would justify its worship of him for the past year, by at least granting the poor boon of liberty of the Press.

As though the imperial monster could think of such a thing until he was ready to be toppled from his throne!

And the *Times* grows maudling about it. It wonders, though nobody else wonders, "what the motives may have been by which the Emperor was led thus to disappoint the expectations which had been raised by his political course since peace was concluded at Villafranca."

Pray, in whom were any such expectations raised? Certainly not in any live Frenchman, nor in any human being who knew ought whatever about the internal affairs of France.

To make this an excuse, therefore, for giving Louis Napoleon the cold shoulder (and how badly His Majesty will feel about it) is really trifling with the man.

It is a clear case of "cruelty to animals," and ought to be exposed.

If the *Times* repents of its past adulation; if it wants to "elbow" itself out of the awkward position in which it has placed itself by its course in respect to the late war-farce; if, at last, it has come to the common conclusion of all sane minds, that Louis Napoleon is an immense humbug; that he doesn't care a button for any kind of liberty; that he dare not trust his own subjects with it; that he steadily and malignantly opposes every attempt made in any part of Europe to emancipate the people from the bonds of political servitude;—why don't it pursue a straightforward and manly course, and taking its stand by the side of all true lovers of law and liberty throughout the world, denounce the arch Usurper as the greatest villain who has been on any European throne for forty years, and then do what little it can to encourage the French people in throwing of his terrible yoke?

The idea of making an issue with him because he refuses to allow any editor in France to say his soul is his own, is childlike and absurd. There has never been any liberty of speech or thought in France since he became Emperor.

Mark, we do not say since he was *elected*; for despite the *Times'* reiterated assertions to the contrary, Louis Napoleon never was elected Emperor of the French.

"Election" is a thing which has not been known in France since he came up. There has been no time when a common man could vote against him without fear of being sent to Cayenne. We have been present at several of the so-called elections in France, under Louis Napoleon, and can testify, from personal observation, that no one was free, at either of them, to vote according to his choice.

The vote had to be, "Oui," or "Non"—"Yes," or "No;" and *there was not a printer in France who dared to print a* "No." Whoever voted "No" had to write his ballot, and was by that act alone a marked man.

And yet we have it constantly thrown into our teeth that he has been "elected" over and again by never so many majority.

How any American journal can support for a moment a man who sustains himself in this way—and all of whose acts are in keeping with the act of perjury by which he attained power, and the acts of fraud and persecution by which he has maintained himself on the throne, we are at a loss to understand.

And how, dazzled into supporting him by the brilliance of his crimes, any such journal, having discovered its blunder, can undertake to creep out of its difficulty on the ground of his opposition to freedom of the press (which he couldn't survive for an hour), strikes us as an act so utterly ludicrous, that we have no patience to make further comment on it.

THE NEW LIFE OF HUMBOLDT.*

The Life and Travels of Humboldt, recently published by Rudd & Carleton, is the best popular biography we have ever read.

But to us, personally, popular biographies are very unattractive objects.

They generally contain a vast array of what are supposed, by the imaginative, to be facts. These facts are usually awkwardly arranged and grimly uninteresting. It would seem as if the compiler attempted to put all the stupidity of two or three hundred volumes into one.

And he generally succeeds.

Every lover of books does not, unfortunately, have access to libraries. He must depend upon the taste and assiduity of compilers for the cream of literature; and to him, much in little, condensed biographies, compendiums, and cyclopædias (when they are worth anything) are invaluable. To such a reader we commend the present work as a carefully prepared biography of the great modern traveller, "the greatest man since the Deluge," as Alexander I. of Russia, was pleased to term him. This volume is probably the most complete life of Humboldt that has appeared up to the present time, whether in German or English; indeed, it is the best that can be written until the personal friends or relations of Humboldt furnish the world with fresh material.

Mr. Stoddard—we believe it is generally understood that Mr. R. H. Stoddard is the author of the volume, though his name is wanting on the title-page—has evidently spared no pains to produce an accurate and readable book; he has availed himself judiciously of the labors of those who have preceded him, and prepared from a bewildering mass of rambling facts, a connected, succinct, and readable history. Parts of the narrative are given in Humboldt's own words, and none could be more picturesque; but wherever the author himself has taken up the thread of the story, he is sensible, untechnical, and inviting. His style is particularly clear and fluent.

As the social life of Von Humboldt does not appear to lie within the scope of Mr. Stoddard's plan, we cannot, of course, complain at finding no record of the many years which the *savant* passed in Paris—no record save a mention of the works which he there prepared for the press.

Mr. Taylor's Introduction contains a pleasant description of Humboldt's personal appearance, and a warm tribute to his memory, but aside from that—with all due respect—it is hardly a valuable addition to the book. The merit of the work itself is its best recommendation.

Taking into consideration the fact that Mr. Stoddard is a man of genius, his success in biographical writing is somewhat noticeable.

Men of genius should seldom or never write biographies, for they seldom if ever succeed. They become enamored of their *biographé*; they wrap his failings in elegant periods; they magnify his virtues with a double convex lens; they celestialise and etherealise him,—in short, they create such an ideal man that his own mother wouldn't know him from a plaster-of-Paris bust of Apollo.

If this does not happen, it is because the biographer rushes to the other extreme, and sits on the pedestal himself.

Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," for instance.

Sterling was a—well, he was one of those extraordinary persons who are always on the point of doing something splendid, and never do. Carlyle is a man with imagination enough to mistake a pebble-stone for like a genius, when, in truth, Sterling wasn't much of anything in particular.

Mr. Stoddard has had the good sense not to be carried away by his subject; and was too modest to be carried away by himself.

* THE LIFE, TRAVELS, AND BOOKS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT: With an Introduction by BAYARD TAYLOR. *New York*: RUDD & CARLETON. 1859.

Maury-bund.

The *Home Journal*, since its last piece of scandal.

In for a Penny in for a Pound.

A newsboy in Carmine street having stolen a penny from another lack week, was beaten so badly for it that he has not been seen on duty since.

Soap never comes that comes to all.

Baron Liebig says that the quantity of soap consumed by a community is a good test of its civilisation.

The Miser's Creed

In Rhino veritas.

"Wood Up!"

The Hon. Fernando Wood persists in being a candidate for the Mayoralty.

New Review.

Mayor Tiemann's Review of the Pottsville Artillery.

A Wicket Pleasantry.

The *Tribune* calls the All England Eleven "Missionaries of Muscle;" it is to be hoped that they will not convert many of us into Musselmen.

A Ninth of a Joke.

Jo. Cose describes all ready-made garments as counter-fits.

Vanderbilt's New Motto

Letter went!

Classical.

When Greek eats meat then comes the tug of jaw.

Sport.

The sporting season has commenced in England and makes every particular hare in the country to stand on end.

Question for Mr. Stoepel.

Do twenty musicians constitute a musical score?

Bourcicault's Last.

The Winter Garden Company offer to play *their* "Cricket" against the "All England Eleven," or the "U. S. Twenty Two."

A-propos of Earthquakes.

One touch of Nature makes the whole world kick.

Low Art.

We learn that Wallis's "Stone Breaker" has been purchased by the Ten Governors for Blackwell's Island. A good place for it.

Man-of-War Ration.

Every Jack has his gill.

New Paper.

Jo. Cose suggests that Branch's new paper should be called *The Irrepressible Cussed.*

[For the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.]

PRIVATE OPINIONS PUBLICLY EXPRESSED.

III.

DEAR PRESS,—What sort of an idea, do you suppose intelligent foreigners receive, of the [illegible] tion, morally speaking, of American society, by glancing through the daily papers, and beholding the almost numberless accounts of murders, and other crimes, whose startling narratives draw their inky trail of printed words, through paragraph and column?

And yet, on "sober, second thought," these crimes are only necessary evils—requisite vents to social humors—painful excrescences relieving the social body of its unhealthy blood.

Let us give an instance, to substantiate our position, premising, however, that our reasoning (?) may seem to some quite illogical, which anticipated drawback to a satisfactory conclusion, though self-evident, we cannot undertake to obviate. For logic is not our forte, and we have always been taught to rely solely on our personal consciousness and conviction. But to our example, which is of not infrequent occurrence: Adolphus is a sentimental, ambitious youth, combs his hair behind his ears (so do we), and sometimes everything that comes in his way, not excepting the moon, and sighs piteously concerning "the aching void within his weary breast;" while, to complete the romantic structure of his character, he falls in love with Angelina, who embroiders worsted puppies, and accumulates birds of gaudy plumage, on remnants of cheap bonnet-cloth, sings in trembling accents, "Roll on, oh, silver moon," etc. (which it accordingly does), and peruses weekly the classic *Ledger*. Adolphus proposes, and is accepted; for awhile all progresses smoothly, but soon "a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream," and he awakes to jealousy, "dead love's hassh hair," as Tennyson has it in his "Idyls." For lo! "that horrid Gustavus," who ridicules poetry, and hair combed behind the ears, has raised a sly flirtation with his fair inamorata, who shows unmistakable signs of preference for the unsentimental, prosaic intruder. Adolphus's mind is immediately made up, and his task resolution is unhesitatingly executed. He shoots the presumptuous rival, and throws himself in the river, by which rather tragic, and summary proceeding, society is rid of a deal of sickly, effeminate sentimentalism, and room made for others of a more healthy tone of mind.

Jacob wants to know if I think these murders are justifiable? He asks a great many questions, you perceive—so I call him the Interrogatory Man. By no means, I answer; for when existence is thus wilfully destroyed (every life being a revelation of the infinite), there is wantonly torn from a divine manuscript, a leaf that can never be restored.

Speaking of murders—don't you admire the subject?—reminds us of Miss Muloch's Life for a *Life*, the plot of which hinges on an unintentional taking of a man's existence, and leaving him, of course, minus breath and animation, a thing nigh incredible! What! do we indeed read novels? Certainly! we own "the soft impeachment;" and how do we like Miss Muloch's last production? Much, very much; its not quite equal to John Halifax, but not unworthy of bling its successor. The authoress has exquisitely combined the perceptive and reflective, and earnestly meaning what she has boldly written, her words cannot fail to draw attention, if not approval. The characters, which stand out in strong relief against a somewhat sombre background of romantic, though everyday, incident and situation, seem dimly sketched from the various members of the Brontë family, as described in Mrs. Gaskell's Biography. Mr. Johnston seems a shadowy reproduction of old Mr. Brontë, as Harry does of Patrick, and Theadora of Charlotte. This may be only a fancy, but nevertheless it seems sure. Has any one else remarked the similarity?

Ah! here comes the daily paper, fresh and steaming from the press. Is not there something strangely sweet in the peculiar smell of a just published sheet? Its damp, inky odor is more welcome to the eager news-reader than the fragrance of new-mown hay. [illegible] breathing in every paragraph of its varied contents! The whirl and bustle of life in the city cast a fancied glow of animation along each narrow column, between its barricade of two black perpendicular lines, and all to-day seems epitomised in a few pages; so that just at present, we crave no greater delight of a pleasant morning than to linger in "dolce far niente," over our coffee, with the daily paper! What a legion of advertisements, in all sorts of letters, large and small, and each setting forth in exalted terms the splendid goods so cheaply sold at the celebrated house of So-and-So? They suggest vague ideas of shopping, and other almost intolerable nuisances that deserve to be suppressed. Shopping! has not the word a doleful sound? What masculine is there that has not undergone this slow martyrdom? who has not been compelled to attend a wife, or sister, or friend, on a chance-tour among clerks and counters, in search of some exact shade of color for a silk, or something else equally nonsensical? And alas! what vast expenditures of patience are thereby made, while clerks grow despairing, and shoppers weary, till control of temper threatens to vanish wholly. (Mem. A lady never shows her breeding more, if she has any, than in shopping; for if she is lady-like then, she is always so.)

We deal largely in parentheses, you see. They are to a long sentence, what a resting-place is to a journey; and "even life itself," as we heard Rev. W. A. Bartlett once say, "is a huge parenthesis, whose brackets are the cradle and the coffin."

But, Able Editor, I had almost forgotten to declare, announce, publish, the mighty fact that something has really turned up at last! Mr. Micawber's waiting has been apparently not in vain. For, sir, the *Great Eastern's* coming! Do you not smile with joy at the glorious prospect of such a round of aldermanic feasting, drinking, and parading, wherever she may touch, as was never equalled, or even dreamed of before? But not so fast! What if the great monster (we're logical *here* at least, tautological) should happen not to come? Ah, there's "a doubt for cloudy seasons," as Mrs. Browning says, and then we should relapse into our old attitude of waiting and expectation. Other people have been disappointed long ere this, and among the number (we don't say in what manner), is

JASPER.

The last Farewell of Mulligan and De Riviera,
Much adieu about nothing.

Paradox.

The straitest line in Politics is a curve.

Descent of an Æronaut.

Mr. Lowe, the balloonist, is said to have descended in a direct line from "Lo the poor Indian."

Professional Joke.

A wine-merchant down town describes children in the cradle as "babes *in the wood.*"

Query.

What would a rat say, when caught, if it could speak French?—*Rat-trap-é!*

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy forever."

How can that be when pretty Miss Jay, who married in Hoboken, last week, must henceforth be nothing but a Jenkins?

"Be it never so humble
There's no place like home."

That's one point, to be sure,—and a very good one—but then there are Five Points against it.

Why Australian Kelly was Defeated?

Because they set a Prize upon his head.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

All About Nothing.

Mary Feuilleton.

Who, pray, can construct such a thing (whatever it is) out of Nothing?

Not Personne with all his esprit;
Nor the Baron?
Nor the Brightest and Best;
Nor the Youngest and Loveliest;
Nor even the Oldest Man himself;
Much less the Undersigned.

The age of miracles and things has passed, and a Feuilleton can no more be made out of such material than a fish can be made out of water, or a novel out of the depths.

And there is absolutely no other material at hand; for as for "Dot," and the "Sea of Ice," and "Paul Fry," and the "Rivals," and the "Road to Ruin" (over the left)—they are as useless, just now, for all feuilletonic purposes, as a last year's almanac.

Wherefore, Personne, weary and disgusted, casteth down his great pen as who should say: "Let who will take it up, I'll have none of it."

And lo! I,—I Quelqu'un,—who am ready to take up anything, except a note, at a moment's warning and without grace, have just the requisite amount of audacity for the act ("Fools rush in" etc.) and am in truth, at this instant, grappling with the aforesaid pen as fearlessly and flippantly as if I were a veteran Feuilletonist like Jules Janin, or Burkhardt,—I, who hardly know what a Feuilleton is, and if I did, couldn't probably write one to save my life—least of all a Dramatic Feuilleton, which,—though I have been a diligent and delighted reader of Personne from the beginning—is a greater mystery to me now than ever.

All I know of it is that it is something more or less droll about theatres and things, written in a saucy, non-descript, "you're another" sort o' style, and leaving actors, actresses, managers, play-wrights, play-goers, and ye general reader, in a state of utter despair,—refusing, like M'lle Rachel, to be comforted.

It is the same thing in France,—where, I am told, the Feuilleton originated,—and it is ditto here, where (no offence to Baron de Trop) Personne has introduced it, and where (no offence to the wit of the *Dispatch*) he reigns supreme, with no one free to carp at him but Anna Maria, and no one privileged to approach him but the Undersigned.

Lucky Personne!
Luckier Anna Maria!
Luckiest Undersigned!

And now that I have had the audacity to seize upon our dear Feuilletonist's pen, and for topics have the town before me where to choose, what in the name of Jenkins shall I feuilletonise about?

I began with the startling assertion that a Feuilleton could not be made out of Nothing.

Why not?

Especially since Nothing can be made out of a Feuilleton.

The world itself was made out of Nothing, and a very good world, my sirs, it is. The Legislature itself could hardly make a better, with Meriam to help it.

Again, don't you know, reader, that poetry itself is made out of Nothing?

"Nary Nothing," exclaims Parmenter.

And echo answers: "Airy Nothing."

If you doubt it, buy the last new poetry-book [*Earth-Songs; or Pomes de Terre*], and see.

Nothing set to rhyme, and sliced up into verses, makes the most charming nonsense in the world; and but for nonsense—dear, delicious nonsense!—we should all go rank crazy.

Your sensible man—to whom a "subject" is as necessary as to a dissecter—is always a bore; while as for sensible women—why, under favor of the sex, I never saw but one in my life, and Page's "Wenus" forbid that I should ever see another.

Sense, in fact, is good for nothing except to aid us in grubbing after what Branch calls the "insensate mineral."

[illegible] that?

Ask Personne.
Ask Aldrich.
Ask the Undersigned.

I know that the Oldest Man can't see this; but the Oldest Man can't see anything. He is *all* can't; or rather, he is what Shakspere calls

—a purblind Argus,
All eyes and no sight.

He can't see Cortes.
He can't see Geraldine.
He can't see (or didn't) the Aurora Borealis.
He can't see the Great Eastern.
He can't see (who but Yeadon can?) the great "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of America, Laudator of "Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the "Union, and Friend of Mankind."

And now he is preparing not to see Speranza and Sam Cowell!

Pauvre Aveugle!

He sees nothing but the American Eagle, the Star-Spangled Banner (not Bonner), and THE SATURDAY PRESS.

Perhaps the latter has, at last, made him.

Blind from excess of light!

But, after all, "there are none so blind" (I wonder, though, if this hasn't been said before) "as those who won't see."

And the Old Man won't even go to see—the old land-lubber!

But I am right, in this matter of sense, whether the Old Man sees it or not.

The world is too sensible by half. This "rush of brains to the head" will be the death of it.

John Brougham ruined his last comedy simply by putting too much sense in it.

As though you could make a Ruling Passion out of sense.

Nonsense!

Sense never did rule in this world ("since gentlemen came up"), and never will again.

If it should, we should all become idiots in the flower of our youth.

Some of us have, as it is.

Why did people run after "Our American Cousin," and after "The Veteran?" And why do they run after "Dot," and "Garibaldi," and the "Sea of Ice?" Because there is no sense in them—that is, what the world calls sense.

Tilly Slowboy is as nonsensical a person as there is out; and, for that matter, so is John Peerybingle, and Dot his wife, and Bertha, and Caleb Plummer (awfully nonsensical he is), and Edward Plummer his son, and Tackleton, and, in fact, the whole crowd of 'em.

But how charming they all are, to be sure, and how they make us all in love (within the statutes) with Mrs. Wood, and Agnes Robertson, and Sarah Stevens, and Awful Jefferson, and Harry Pearson, and (though not quite so much) Mr. T. B. Johnson, and the latter-day Fairies!

I have seen them (Dot bless 'em!) now four times, and each time went home in the most nonsensical state of mind possible. The next day I didn't know the multiplication table from the breakfast table, and a jolly Briton who went with me the last time was reduced to such a condition that he couldn't distinguish between the British Lion and the American Eagle (dear bird!), and mistook McWatters, the policeman, for one—or the whole—of the "All-England Eleven."

And half a dozen lagers taken at Pfaff's immediately after, didn't help him in the least.

Nor me either.

We loafed there, and talked over the piece and its nonsensibilities, for over an hour, and then as my friend lives near the Battery and I near the Reservoir, we proposed,—he going due North (like Sala) and I due South,—so that neither of us reached home, as you may imagine, till the hard-hearted old clock had done striking its little ones, and—but this sentence is long enough already.

Now if "Dot" had been a "good, old-fashioned, sensible play," we should both have been bored half to death by it, and then should have gone straight home like a couple of well-regulated automata without night-keys.

All which, being interpreted, means that the Undersigned, having nothing whatever to write about, and feeling, in consequence, much more like a fool than a feuilletonist (if the distinction is to be kept up), was driven to pitch into sensible folks and things generally, as the only dodge left to him

And having gone and done it, he now makes his humblest apology and bow, exclaiming at the top of his lungs, and from the bottom of his heart:

Long live THE SATURDAY PRESS!
Long live Personne!
Long live the Brightest and Best!
Long live the Youngest and Loveliest!
Long live the Undersigned!

CANON SEAL. QUELQU'UN.

Literary Notes.

— The Chicago *Press and Tribune* thinks that Mrs. Le Vert is probably the beautiful and accomplished Southern literary lady who is about to try her fortunes on the stage. A bad guess; the lady is Miss Lizzie Pettit, author of a racy book on "Southern Life," published some years since by the Appletons.

— George Vandenhoff, the distinguished elocutionist, has a volume in press, entitled "Leaves from an Actor's Note-book, with Reminiscences and Chit-Chat of the Green Room and the Stage in England and America." It will be published by Appleton & Co. in the course of the coming month. It contains, we learn, a great variety of pleasant reading, sketches of celebrities, anecdotes, and critical comments; besides an original story of peculiar interest, founded on a real-life experience. The book is looked for eagerly, both in theatrical and general circles.

— Among the announcements of new books is that of "True Womanhood," by John Neal, of Portland, Me.

— Contents of the *North American Review* for October, 1859: James Fennimore Cooper; Causes of Mental Disease; The Depreciation of Gold; Educated Labor; The Age of Chivalry; Douglas Jerrold; Nuremberg; American Diplomacy in China; Biography—Plutarch's Lives; Prsed and his Poems; Critical Notices.

— The *Journal of the Society of Arts* announces that a prize of £100 has been placed at the disposal of the council of the Society by Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., to be awarded for "the best Essay on the Applications of the Marine Algæ and their products, as food or medicine for man and domestic animals, or for dyeing and other manufacturing purposes. Competitors must give the results of their original investigations on seaweeds, and they must prepare a series of specimens illustrative of the best modes of collecting, preserving, and preparing the several species. Mere compilations will not be admitted to competition." The essays, with accompanying specimens, must be sent to the Society of Arts by the 31st of December, 1860.

— The Derby (Eng.) *Mercury* says: "The readers of Scott's novels will probably be startled to hear that 'Madge Wildfire' has only just thrown off the mortal coil. Elizabeth Graham, the real 'Madge,' originally lived near Melrose, and when a young and beautiful girl, was one night seduced by a villain, who was called a gentleman. The wretched girl's reason fled with her honor, and she took up her abode in a wild cave. She gave birth to a dead child, and when its body was taken to the churchyard, she quitted her inhospitable retreat, and for some weeks spent her days and nights in watching the grave in which it was laid. At length she returned to her cave, and ever since the poor crazy creature has led a life of dreadful privation. She expired lately, near Galashiels, her death resulting mainly from exposure and want."

— The London correspondent of the Bury (Eng.) *Times* says: "The long-promised *Dial*, the daily joint-stock newspaper which is to smash up the *Times*, is not abandoned. The shareholders are gradually though slowly increasing, and there is a prospect of its appearance with the New Year. The promoters, however, have to contend against a new difficulty which they never dreamed of when the scheme was first broached—the penny daily press, which is now a great fact, but which was not then in existence."

— Mr. F. W. Fairholt, author of a very interesting history of tobacco, is preparing for publication a new and cheaper edition of his "History of Costume in England," with some extra illustrations. It is intended to be a complete history of dress from the earliest times to the close of the fifteenth century.

— The linguistic prize founded in Paris by Volney has been awarded to M. Buschmann, author of a work on "The Influence of the Aztec Language on the Dialects of Central America." M. Lenormant's paper attracted considerable curiosity; and amongst other conclusions put forth was, that the ancient Scythians of Darius and Mithridates had nothing in common with the Cossack or Tartar races, but had, in fact, the same origin as the finer European families. This opinion was supported by reference to a golden vase discovered in the tomb of Persinade, a Scythian king, contemporary of Alexander, and who died in the year 310 before Christ. On this vessel was a series of figures in bas-relief, beautifully executed, representing a Scythian king surrounded by his officers and attendants.

— Messrs. Firmin Didot, Paris, have issued a new edition of the complete poetical works of the Polish patriot Adam Mickiewics, who was formerly professor of Sclavonic languages and literature in the College of France. It is translated from the posthumous edition of the author's works published in 1858, by Christian Ostrowski. The present issue contains some poems not published in any former edition, and also the passages suppressed by the Russian censors. The work is in two small volumes, the first containing the sonnets, hymns, and miscellaneous poems, "Lee-Aieux," and the Lithuanian legend, entitled "Grazina;" and the second "Konrad Wallenrod," the "Acts of the Polish Nation," and the famous "Thadée Soplica."

— A new volume by the late Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli, entitled "Life Without and Life Within," will soon be issued by Brown, Taggard & Chase of this city. It is prepared by her brother, Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, from her unpublished manuscripts. Uniform with the above, the same publishers will issue new editions of her previous works, consisting of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," "At Home and Abroad," "Papers on Literature and Art," and her Memoir in 2 vols.

— The following is from the London *Critic*:

The renovation of the building of the *Bibliothèque Impériale* of Paris, has been some time in progress. The row of shops, or rather stalls, which stood on the side of the Rue Vivienne disappeared some time since, and the large space of ground formerly in their rear is laid out as a garden, and fenced off from the street by an elegant iron railing; the old houses connected with the establishment, fronting the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and in which the officers resided, have been removed, and the space is now being prepared for a new and elegant building, after the design of M. Labrouste. Another and very important feature of the alterations is now about to be carried out, namely, the erection of two reading-rooms; one to be appropriated to the general public, who will have access only to a collection of classical and general works placed in the room itself, and the other reserved for the use of literary men and students, to whom all the resources of this noble library are to be open. This latter room is to be built in the garden before-mentioned, on the side of the Rue Vivienne. The architect has studied the arrangements of the British Museum, and it is said that all that is found applicable in them will be adopted, in some cases with improvements; and it is anticipated that one or both of these new reading rooms will be opened in the evening, as is that of the Bibliothèque Saint-Geneviève, in the square of the Pantheon. In addition to this an immense gallery is to be built which will contain nearly the whole of the printed books, and be at the same time in immediate connection with the new student's reading room.

— Rev. Dr. Merle d' Aubigné is about to publish two more volumes, the sixth and seventh, of his "History of the Reformation." The work is to be completed in eight volumes.

— A Prof. McCoy of Albany, is writing the "History of Temperance."

— Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, the well-known linguist, has just issued from his Bayswater press a catalogue of the works edited and printed by him in the various dialects of Europe. Among the more recent of these are the Canticles in Basque; the Gospel of St. Matthew in the patois of Venetia, Milan, Naples, and Bergamo; and the Song of Solomon in the dialects of the Scotch Lowlands, Cumberland, Newcastle, and Westmoreland.

— Dr. Harriet N. Austin, late of Boston, but now of Dansville, N. Y., delivered the principal address at the meeting of the National Health Association in that place, on the 14th and 15th ult.

— Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., was to sail from San Francisco on the 10th ult., in the clipper *Mastiff*, for Honolulu, whence he was to go to Manilla.

— The Literary Association of Princeton, N. J., has offered Mr. James Gordon Bennett $100 for a lecture. He refuses, saying that the time is worth $5,000 to him, and that lecturing is the business of none but literary loafers.

— Mr. Alison's article in *Blackwood* criticising Macaulay and his History, traces Macaulay's pedigree to a Highlander and a Quakeress, and says:

With Highland and Quaker blood flowing in equal currents through his veins, it is difficult to say whether a Highlander or a Quaker is the more favorite object of his satire and butt for the shafts of his ridicule; whether George Fox, or Coll of the Cows, comes in for the larger share of his contempt; whether the enthusiast who took off what we are in the habit of consulting as the most essential of all garments, to walk in the simplicity of nature through the streets of Litchfield, or the native of the Grampians, who never possessed such an article of dress at all, is the more ridiculous in his eyes; whether, in short, he despises most those who gave birth to his father or mother.

— Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" has been translated into Armenian by T. C. Averoom, Esq., a distinguished Armenian scholar and an established merchant in Calcutta.

Art Items.

— Mr. Hart, the sculptor, has finished the statue of Henry Clay, ordered by the "Ladies' Clay Statue Association" of Virginia, and it is to be inaugurated on the 12th of April next, the 82d anniversary of Mr. Clay's birthday.

— Mr. William J. Stone, of Washington City, has nearly completed a colossal plaster-cast of "The Hunted Prairie Horse." It represents a wild horse, which, having been pursued by Indians to the edge of a precipice, starts back with terror at perceiving that his next plunge forward must be into the yawning gulf below. The artist has been engaged on the work for nearly four years.

— Mr. Healy, the artist, has arrived in Washington with an unfinished portrait of the President of the United States, which he intends to finish at the Executive Mansion.

— At a meeting of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, in Boston, recently, a painting was exhibited which was executed by a Natick Indian, named Solomon Wamsycon, about the year 1730. It is painted on a smooth pine board, about five feet long and sixteen inches in width, and represents three stags sporting under the trees, they being considerably taller than the trees aforesaid, which surround them. The picture has the appearance of having been the work of an uncultivated genius, and was at the time considered a masterpiece. The artist died in the year 1755.

— The Portland correspondent of the *Boston Gazette* has the following notice of a new work of art by Mr. Akers, which will soon be exhibited in Boston: "I have just seen a very splendid work of art by a Portland sculptor, that is bound to produce a sensation when it is exhibited in Boston. It is by Mr. Paul Akers, of this city, who has but recently returned from Rome, and his works have followed him, the one under notice having arrived yesterday, and is to be exhibited here before coming to Boston. He calls his work the "Dead Pearl Diver," and it represents the pearl fisher lying upon the rock over which he has slipped, and from exhaustion has not power to recover himself, dying with the rare and beautiful shell in his hand, for which he has risked his life. Around his waist is his net, in which his shells are secured, which are seen through the interstices, and a more skillful arrangement than this presents I have never seen. About him, upon the sand, and clinging to the rocks, are various crustacea, and at his feet, by which he has evidently been held down, is a sprig of coral. Mr. Akers has several fine busts here; one in plaster, of Judge Ether Shipley, is admirable. Mr. Akers is the author of the poem in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, of the 'Artist Prisoner,' wrongly attributed to Whittier.

— Mrs. L. Maria Child has written a letter praising Miss Hosmer's new statue of Zenobia. It is larger than life. The following is Mrs. Child's description:

"The head is covered with a helmet, fashioned like a tiara in front, suggested by a medal of the Palmyrene Queen, in the British Museum. Under this, in keeping with the royal costumes of the East, is a gemmed fillet, the ends of which fall among her curls, and meet, in a pleasing line, the ornamental cinte crossed upon the breast. The left hand clutches the chain fastened to her wrists by manacles in the shape of bracelets. On the right arm, which falls naturally and easily by her side, is visible a thin sleeve, looped up in Amazonian fashion. Over this first dress is a shorter robe of thicker material. The ample folds of a rich mantle, fastened on the shoulders with gems, breaks up the monotonous outline of the more closely-fitting garments. The whole costume is a charming combination of Grecian grace with oriental magnificence. In the position of the feet and limbs, the artist seems to me to have accomplished the exceedingly difficult task of making a just poise between action and repose. It indicates precisely the slow, measured tread natural to a stately person walking in a procession. The expression of the beautiful face is admirably conceived. It is sad, but calm, and very proud; the expression of a great soul, whose regal majesty no misfortune could dethrone."

— Mr. Brady has on exhibition at his gallery, corner of Broadway and Houston streets, an imperial photograph of the "All England Eleven," with a stereoscopic view of the Cricket-Ground and Cricket-Playing.

THE NEW AERIAL SHIP.

Mr. Lowe's Aerial Ship, *City of New York*, rivals the *Great Eastern* in magnitude. With it he confidently expects to make the trip from New York to Europe in 48 hours. It is nearly five times larger than the largest balloon ever before built, its dimensions being as follows:

Greatest diameter, feet	130
Transverse diameter	104
Height, from valve to boat	350
Weight, with outfit, tons	34
Lifting power (aggregate), tons	22½
Capacity of Gas-envelop, cubic feet	725,000

Six thousand yards of twilled cloth have been used in the construction of the envelop. Reduced to feet, the actual measurement of this material is 54,000 feet, or nearly 11 miles. Six of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machines were employed twelve days to connect the pieces. The upper extremity of the envelop, intended to receive the gas-valve, is of triple thickness, strengthened with heavy brown linen, and sewed in triple seams. The pressure being greatest at this point, extraordinary power of resistance is requisite. It is asserted that 100 women, sewing constantly for two years, could not have accomplished this work, which measures by miles. The material is stout, and the stitching stouter.

THE EXCUSE.

Ah! credit not the rival swain,
Who whispers in thy jealous ear,
That other maids my vows obtain;
And calls my passion insincere.

I own, dear maid! I love to seek
The plain where sport the virgin choir;
And oft the form, the blushing cheek,
The charms of many a fair admire.

But, though each love-inspiring dame
Mine eye with earnest gaze surveys,
Ah! cease, my love! thy swain to blame,
Because he gives each beauty praise.

By blending every virgin's grace,
A something like thyself I see;
For all the charms of every face
Are surely, Rosa! found in thee.

ERNESTINE DROUET.

[From the Paris Correspondent of the Southern Field and Fireside.]

Well, speaking of women and their sense and courage they are always pleasant subjects—let me say a word of Ernestine Drouet. She is a schoolmistress, lives somewhere up in the Faubourg de Temple, in a small apartment very neat and prettily arranged, I fancy; no, very neat and prettily, I am sure—with an old father and mother, whom she helps to support. Now here is the singular proof of her sense and courage. When she was a mere child, she wrote verses, and was taken to Béranger, who read them and applauded them. With his praise, the wise old poet gave counsel. (I open a parenthesis here, to slip in a remark, the truth of which you may find confirmation in his autobiography: that the poet Beranger, apart from his poetic faculty, bore wonderful resemblances to Ben. Franklin not in the accidental fact that the poet was a printer as well—but in the thorough practicality of his practical philosophy. If your readers do not find proof of this in the work I have indicated, they will at least find a most agreeable pastime in the search for them through its interesting pages.) With the praise, then, was presented this counsel: "Remember, my child," said the old man, "that my best songs date from the time when I was earning 1,200 francs by the most distasteful sort of work. I sang that youth is happy, in a garret. Genius has an eternal talent, a long youth. Talent or genius, then, do not be afraid of the garret; do not be afraid of labor; Pegasus carries to the hospital none but those who will not dismount to attend to the requirements of everyday life." The girl took the praise with the advice. Nine young men out of ten would have taken only the first, let their hair grow, spoiled a great deal of good paper in wailing and railing against a common sense world for not losing its common sense in their behalf, ruined their stomachs with bad brandy, and closed their useless career in the Hotel Dieu or the Seine. Madamoiselle went on to fit herself for a teacher, and earned and earns an honest living—meantime cultivating and maturing her poetical faculty, which grows and ripens, like all other good faculties, nowhere better than hard by the path of duty, through this "God's garden" of ours. The result and recompense of all which are, that two weeks ago, the French Academy allotted to her, over 130 competitors, the prize offered by that body for the best poem, having for its subject, "*The Sister of Charity in the Nineteenth Century.*" The MS. No. 131, bore the fitting epigraph: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Having passed the severe ordeal of Academic criticism, and received the eulogy its merits so well deserved, from the mouth of one of the most eloquent and elegant of modern critical authors, M. Villemain, it was read in the annual session of the Academy, two weeks since, before an audience such as Paris only can furnish on such an occasion—an audience composed of those standing highest in social and literary circles of the metropolis, whose attentive silence, more than once interrupted by warm applause, confirmed the Academic decree. As you would guess from the title of the poem, it deals somewhat with grave themes. The Sister of Charity in the Nineteenth Century passes her life by and at the bedside of the sick and dying. The better glories of the Crimean and Italian campaigns belong to her. It is she that illumines, by her holy helping presence, the dark side of war, of which bulletins and newspapers and triumphal processions down the decorated Boulevards, show only the tawdry facings.

PATENTS.

List of Patents issued from the United States Patent Office, to Pennsylvanians, for the week ending October 4th, 1859:

James G. Abbott and Archilus Lawrence, of Philadelphia; for improvement in stoves.

Thomas Armitage, of Philadelphia; for improvement in feed water apparatus for steam boilers.

J. A. Buckwater, of Kimberton; for improvement in brick moulds.

Peter Getz, of Lancaster; for improvement in cooking stoves.

Joseph Harrison, Jr., of Philadelphia; for improved steam boilers.

Jacob Seebold, of New Berlin; for improvement in grain separator.

J. H. Shireman, of East Berlin; for improvement in dividers for harvesters.

John Wagner, of Philadelphia; for improvement in machine for hoisting ice.

David Zeig, of Shaefferstown; for improvement in harvesters.

John Sloan, of Pittsburg, assignor to himself and Eberhard H. Dierker, of same place; for improvement in the construction of distilling apparatus.

REISSUE.—James M. Clark, of Philadelphia; for improvement in flour bolts. Patented July 26, 1859. Reissued October 4, 1859.

DESIGNS.—Garrettson Smith and Henry Brown, of Philadelphia, assignors to Hayward, Bartlett, & Co., of Baltimore, Md.; for designs for stoves.

A Hardy Girl.

Miss Magdalene Hardy, of Delaware county, has just recovered $500 damages from Freeland Cochran, who had been "her friend from childhood," for a breach of promise. The offence was aggravated from the fact that "he very often took breakfast at her father's house," and then married another girl.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.
For the week ending October 8, 1859.

A Dictionary of the Holy Bible, for General Use in the Study of the Scriptures; with engravings, maps, and tables. 12mo, pp. 533. New York: American Tract Society.

Memoirs of Robert Houdin, Ambassador, Author, and Conjurer. Written by Himself. Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. 12mo, pp. 445. Philadelphia: George P. Evans. 1859.

The Puritans; or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England, during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins. Vol. 1, 8vo, pp. 549. Boston: Gould & Lincoln; New York: Sheldon & Co. 1859.

The Scalpel: an entirely original Quarterly Expositor of the Laws of Health, and Abuses of Medicine and Domestic Life. Vol. XI. No. 3. October, 1859. Edited by Edward H. Dixon, M.D. New York: H. G. Lawrence.

Out of the Depths: The Story of a Woman's Life. 12mo, pp. 370. New York: Evert, D. Long & Co. 1859.

Saintly Characters recently Presented for Canonization. By the Rev. W. H. Negligan, LL.D., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin, Member of the Archæological Society of Great Britain, author of "Rome, Its Churches, its Charities, and its Schools." 12mo, pp. 352. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother (Jas. B. Kirker). 1859.

The Adventures; or, The Baddington Peerage: being the Lives of their Lordships. A Story of the Best and Worst Society. By George Agustus Sala, author of "A Journey Due North." "Gaslight and Daylight," etc., etc. 8vo, pp 190. New York: F. A. Brady.

Rifles and Rifle Practice; an Elementary Treatise upon the Theory of Rifle Firing, Explaining the Causes of Inaccuracy of Fire, and the Manner of Correcting It. With descriptions of the Infantry Rifles of Europe and the United States, their Balls and Cartridges. By C. M. Wilcox, U. S. A. 12mo, pp. 276. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

"GERALDINE."

Mrs. Bateman's "Geraldine, or Love's Victory," continues to draw immense houses in Boston. The *Post* of October 3, has the following upon it:—

"Geraldine" is a blossom of literature the full beauties of which are not revealed at the first glance. But as the sun of popular favor shines upon it, and as the spectator returns periodically to inspect it, it slowly unfolds itself and displays by degrees the secrets of beauty hidden in its bosom. This general revealment of the interior genius we have witnessed, and in this reluctance of disclosure we think we see the secret which night after night attracts the same persons to the boxes of the Howard, and binds them there as if with a spell. Seriously, and without exaggeration, we say we think it impossible to find in the range of the modern drama a grander conclusion than that with which the first act of "Geraldine" terminates. In the midst of a scene of splendid revelry, when the head of the wild boar smokes on the ample board, and the red wine has gone round, and the smiles of the high-born ladies of the Castle have blessed with their sunshine the purple libations, the grey-haired, mysterious minstrel enters. He brings with him a presentment of evil. There is death and danger in the air. The fires of prophecy sparkle in his eyes. The antique Nemesis seems to have come again, and a thrill, silent but visible, runs through the gay throng—the chill of impending disaster. His chant commences. To wild sweeps of the harp he recites his tragical allegory. As in each succeeding verse the hidden sense of the fable dawns on the mind of the guilty baron, and on the obtuse brains of the retainers, the dark truth impresses itself, the sensation that stirs the throng deepens, and murmurs of indignation creep from lip to lip like the sounds of the sea when storms approach. At last the fierce old singer launches his final bolt. The conscience-stricken lord leaps to his feet wild with rage. The sounds of strife and imprecations ring throughout the hall. The daughter of the House, pale, trembling, but amazed, rises in terror at this unwonted tumult. She strives to interfere, and most unexpectedly upon her head pours the awful curse from the lips of the minstrel. In vain she pleads for mercy. The relentless tongue speaks on, and the curtain falls on a situation which for dramatic force has never been excelled. Nor are the succeeding scenes much less effective. That wild, terrible entrance of the poor girl when, for the first time hearing whispers of her deformity, with the quick utterance of acute anguish she questions the crafty Prior. The scene of the intended murder reveals one of the most beautiful speeches in the piece. The Prior, who has been inciting murderous thoughts in Geraldine's brain, by suggesting the criminal love of her sister, asks her what she intends doing with the guilty Edith. With poetic subtlety she explains her murderous plan—she will "recall the wandering angel back that watched her childhood's hours." This is an exquisite figurative method of stating an unpleasant and repulsive resolve. Then the serious equivoque with which Geraldine answers the Prior, who, believing that she has assassinated Edith, questions her with thirsty malice, while she who has only killed herself replies that "the life which stood twixt Hubert and long years of wedded love is ebbing fast away." This ambiguous answer leads to one of the great situations of the play, when Edith alive and uninjured enters, summoned by the wild cry of her penitent and heroic sister, and confounds the baffled ecclesiastic with her presence. It is this rare mixture of effective dramatic situation and sterling mellifluous poetry that constitutes the merit and secures the success of "Geraldine." It is various in its character, well constructed in all the essentials of the drama, and written with an ease and fire that will forever render it a conspicuous production of the times.

Theatrical, Musical, etc.

— The Boston *Post* furnishes the following list of salaries paid by the opera management per month: Mme. Cortesi, $2,500; Mme. Gassier, $2,400; Mme. Strakosch, $600; Signors Amodio $800, Brignoli $1,500, Junca $800, Gassier $1,200, Stefani $1,200, Squires $400, Rocco $400, Maretzek $1,000, Muzio $800. Then there are fifty musicians in the orchestra—the first violinist being paid $50 a week, and the flutist an equal sum. Beside all this, there are advertising expenses, rent, salaries of an army of property men, doorkeepers, etc., and many "incidentals." The aggregate, for a month, foots up very near $30,000.

— A Philadelphia paper describes Miss Maggie Mitchell as "a fascinating young actress, who bids fair "to take a very high stand in her profession, and that "at no distant day;" while at the same time it takes occasion to announce that "the fact of filling a popular "theatre for a fortnight does not constitute success."

— Mr. George Dryden Owen, the favorite low comedian of the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., was married recently to Miss Cristy, at St. Pancras, London.

— We learn from the Boston papers, that "The Crown of Gold," a drama adapted from the French by Mrs. Mowatt, will shortly introduce Mrs. E. L. Davenport and her daughter Fanny, in characters originally intended for Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport. Little Fanny has already taken quite a position in her profession, and bids fair to worthily sustain the name of her parents.

— It is understood in musical circles that the new pitch recommended by the French commission will be adopted in England and the United States. The Messrs. Chickering have declared their intention to use it in their instruments. The pitch is one-third of a tone lower than that heretofore accepted. Whoever teaches any other pitch is sure to be defiled.

— The inimitable Sam Cowell and his troupe, were at last acounts making a tour through the provinces, and meeting with brilliant success.

— A desperate piece of extravagance, under the title of "The Goose with the Golden Eggs," has just been brought out at the Strand Theatre, London. The author is Mr. Augustus Mayhew—one of the famed Mayhew Brothers. The London *Era* says that "It is a farce of the most ludicrous construction, and of the most outrageous description, but during the forty minutes it occupied, so much laughter was produced, that even had the audience at the end felt disposed to have quarrelled with the trivial means that had excited their mirth, they had not breath enough remaining to express indignation, through an unfavorable verdict." It takes a London critic to write that sort of thing.

—Signor Verdi, the celebrated musical composer, was one of the deputation from Parma who proceeded to Turin to ask Victor Emanuel to accept the annexation of Parma and Piedmont. When the carriages of the deputies were proceeding to the royal palace, the population of Turin singled out that of Signor Verdi for especial notice; and cries of *Viva Verdi* were heard along the line of procession. It will be recollected that it was under this cry of *Viva Verdi* that the people of Italy, before the war, expressed their wish to have Victor Emanuel as their King, the letters of the word Verdi composing the initial letters of *Victor Emmanuele re d' Italia*.

— The following remarkable announcement is from the Philadelphia *Press*: "We have a Theatrical Item, which will interest thousands of our readers, and it is this: Mr. Lemuel C. White, the renowned teacher of Forrest, Murdoch, Roberts, and thousands of others, at the Bar, in the Pulpit, and on the Stump, will, to oblige many friends, shortly re-appear, for a few nights, at one of our theatres. No doubt hundreds will eagerly avail themselves of this opportunity to obtain a knowledge of Mr. White's style. For more than half a century Mr. White has made Elocution his study, and he is an enthusiast in his art. He will play Macbeth, Othello, Zanga, Pierre, Shylock, etc."; It would appear that Mr. Lemuel G. White, the renowned teacher of everybody, was something such a character as Stephen H. Branch, at whose feet have sat all the political apostles (and aldermen) of the day.

— Mrs. Bower's lease having ended in Philadelphia, on Saturday night, she has retired from the cares of management, after the experiences of a month, and has relinquished the Academy to the Ravel Family for a short season of three or four weeks. Monday was the opening night, and the initial performance consisted of the amusing pantomime of "Kim-ka," and the equally laughable "Robert Macaire," with an interlude consisting of the usual feats on the Corde Tendue, executed by Young America, Alexander, and Marietta Zanfretta.

—The London *Critic* announces positively that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are about to return to the United States, by the *Great Eastern*. Mlle. Piccolomini was starring, at last accounts, in Yorkshire and Lancashire, crowded audiences being attracted by her performance of *Violetta* in "La Traviata." A concert was was announced for Saturday, September 10th, at the Crystal Palace, supported by the talents of Mlles. Piccolomini, Titiens, and Borchardt, Signor Giuglini, and other artistes of the Royal Italian Opera, Drury Lane, who were to return from their provincial tour expressly for the occasion.

— Signorina Felicita Vestvali—whose too, too solid flesh refuses to melt—has just made a somewhat equivocal success at the Paris Academy, as Romeo, and is engaged for the season at the Grand Opera as first contralto. Mayerbeer has declared his intention to bring out for her his long promised "Africaine," an event to which the musical world looks forward with eager anticipation.

— A London contemporary, announcing the death of a celebrated follower of Joe Grimaldi, says: "We have to announce the death of one of the best pantomimists of his time—poor Blanchard. He was bred to the stage, and acquired a world-wide celebrity among the frequenters of minor theatres by his dexterity in the use of the small and broad swords, and by his performance in serious and comic pantomime, at the Coburg (now the Victoria Theatre), which opened under the ownership of Mr. Glossop, and took its place as one of the most respectable theatres in London. Poor Blanchard's performance of Pantaloon, on the first night, stamped him a favorite with the Surrey-side playgoers, and by his sword combats with Bradley, Huntley, Cobham, H. Kemble, Esq., and his performances of Don Juan, Obi, the Drunken Corporal, Pantaloon, and occasionally Clown, he kept his position during a long series of years. Age had latterly incapacitated him from following his profession, except in obscure or subordinate parts; and on Saturday, the 20th ult., poor Tom breathed his last under the terrible affliction of cancer on the tongue, and was buried on the 25th, at the Dramatic Society's ground at Woking. We believe his age was 72.

A Sweet Man.

A Council of Ministers of the Christian Baptist persuasion was held at Warren, Mass, on Wednesday, to investigate the following charges made against the Rev. S. K. Sweetman, of Boston, Mass.: the publication of an unclerical pamphlet; making false representations to a Bristol church, in order to hurry it into a bargain; borrowing a shirt and not returning it; sermon-stealing, and advertising for a wife while his third one was still living.

Chess Column
OF
The New York Saturday Press.
October 8th, 1859.

Replies and Remarks.

—The legislators of India thought chess to be of sufficient importance to be mentioned in their laws. In the Code of Gentoo Laws, translated and published by Halhed, we find the following: "If a man, to procure himself to be winner in a game, either by numbering the squares of the chess-tables, or by numbering the cowries of the game, or by any other method, is guilty of artifice and collusive practice, the magistrate shall fine him according to his abilities." We hold up the example before our sage law-givers at Albany and elsewhere. Some chess-players there still are who cheat you out of your game, not by numbering the *cowries* (whatever they may be), but by rapping with their knuckles on the table, by humming airs out of all sorts of operas, by conversations with spectators, and by audible whisperings. Let us have fines imposed upon these people "according to their abilities."

— In a little old pamphlet, published in 1637, entitled "*Greene's Groatsworth of Wit*," occurs the following dialogue: "Lets then end talke, quoth Lamilia, and you and I will go to chesse. To chesse, said he, what mean you by that? It is a game, said she, that the first danger is but a checke; the worst, the giving of a mate. Well, said Roberto, that game yee have been at already, then, for you chekt him first with your beauty, and gave yourselfe for mate to him by your bounty."

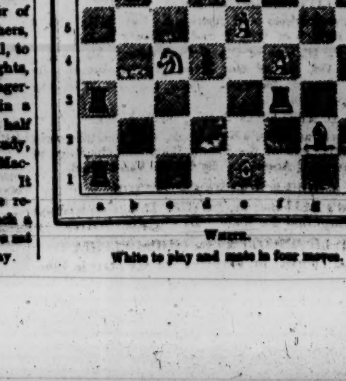
— The following graphic description of a defeat at chess is from a French novel of the last century: "I went thither with great emotion: I had a chessboard prepared, and my adversary soon after made his appearance, masked, and attended by the person who had delivered me his letters. He did not speak, but sat down to the chess-table without any ceremony; I could only see his eyes, which appeared beautiful. Chance gave him the move, but my past victories caused me to despise that trifling advantage. The game was a long one, and appeared, at the commencement, to be in my favor; but two of my pieces having been forced, I became depressed. My antagonist profited by my disorder; he pressed me closely; I made use of all the finesses of the game; I thought I saw an opportunity to retrieve my misfortunes and open an easy path to victory. I had already lifted my hand to give the decisive stroke, when a Pawn, which was concealed behind a Rook, checkmated me without mercy. I trembled with rage, for it was the first time that I had ever suffered defeat."

— The hero of an old chivalric romance, styled "History of Graund Amoure and la bel Pucell," was led by Minerva into the hall of a castle, where he saw a number of Knights sensibly passing their time of the chessboard. He says:

There were Knightes playing at the Chesse,
Which saw Minerve led me in the hall,
They lefte their play and all theyr besines,
And welcomed me right gentely withall.

— In the *History of the Miracles of St. Bertin*, we read that John, a priest of Rubroch, received such a blow from his adversary, whilst playing at chess, that he fell with his head on the board. Certain loud-mouthed advocates of a physical developement of the race complain of the too-intellectual and too sedentary nature of chess. Why not satisfy these querulous gentlemen by reviving some of the old heroic practices of the Middle Ages, like the one we have just cited. Let each player, in the same way that he is allowed to castle once during the game, be permitted to give his adversary one hearty blow with his fist during every contest. Or a regulation might be made permitting a player, as soon as he has captured a piece, to throw it into his antagonist's face, for which purpose the iron man lately introduced would be excellent. Or, in extreme cases, where physical development was greatly needed, the player winning, say five games in succession, might claim the privilege of breaking the chessboard over the other's head.

PROBLEM NO. 36.
By Anton Nowotny, of Vienna.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in four moves.

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[Continued from first page.]

What Old Age Can Do.

This chapter might be called: *The second youth of woman*

This second youth is old age made young and playful, rejuvenated by physical and moral means.

Understand me, that this is not a question of powder nor paint, hair-dyes nor wigs.

I begin by advancing this hypothesis: If the wife, in the eyes of her husband, can replace her last youth, the wife does not grow old.

A married couple arrive at their fortieth year. The husband is what is called a solid man; the wife has had children, she has had cares and trouble, since social order wills that she shall be the partner, and not the idol, of her husband.

The woman is broken down. In point of vigor and beauty she is then beneath her husband. What can she do to reëstablish the equilibrium?

She should prescribe and regulate his diet and his pleasure.

She can effect this as follows:

The husband, now in the prime of life, has an actual need of pleasure. He has less impulsive desires, perhaps, than a young man, but they are stronger and more numerous.

The wife arrives at a time of life when her desires fall suddenly from their highest elevation to almost nothing. This is a solemn moment which she should skillfully conceal.

If the husband is subjugated and does not perceive the change, she should put such a delicacy and ever-increasing refinement in her words and actions that his instincts will be led astray.

After a silence thus gently imposed, the desires burst into life again from time to time.

Those moments become reminescence of the most passionate, reckless, and burning youth. Let the spouses abandon themselves to this feeling, and, in their refinements of pleasure, forget all the reserve that age would seem to impose upon them.

And the next day his mind will be admirably lucid.

You will say, then, looking lovingly into the depths of each other's eyes: "Were we not young last evening!"

You are subjugated, are you not?

Now would you bear your chain with delight?

If you have a great idea, a noble and generous thought, (for you are arrived at an age when ambition is no longer allowable,) in the evening, or at night before the torpor of sleep comes over you, confide your idea to your wife. Say to her gently, respectfully:

"My dear little wife, this is my idea."

Then tell it to her and you cannot imagine all the mental delight you will feel.

Then your wife, transported, re-youthed, sublime in her admiration, her joy, and her gratitude., will not say to you: "Very good, my dear,"

Will not give you a long and voluptuous kiss,

But will bestow upon you a whole world of burning caresses.

She will make you forget that she is as old as you are, that she has been your companion for twenty or thirty years.

You will see her rise before you, radiant, inspired, sublime,

Not the woman whom you remember as a young and innocent maiden, but woman in her highest grandeur, and beauty, and power.

You will see the representative of the divinity.

You will see a goddess!

And the goddess will open her arms to you, saying:

"You owed me adoration; you have offered up to me the purest of incense.

"You were great and sublime, and you have made yourself little.

"Be my god now. You bear upon your forehead the aureole which before you saw shining upon my own."

And a new life will open before you.

It is, perhaps,—pardon me the blasphemy,—it is, perhaps, the heaven that was promised you when a little child!

But I hear you say, oh! vulgar man: "That's just the way young men talk."

You mean to say that the woman does grow old, and that her arms lose their vigor. You say this, but you have not looked to see if it be true.

True, her hair has grown gray, and wrinkles have replaced the roses in her cheeks. But see her at night! Her lips are still the lips of her youth, and the body,—the body never grows old.

And you, wife, you whose husband does not give you an opportunity to show yourself in your new aspect, do you wish to retain him by your side?

He deserts you, and is faithless, it is true; but, after all, God has joined you together.

Would you render the chain supportable?

Be kind, kind as a mother or sister. If you see a young girl, be kind to her; if you are jealous, your husband will think you ridiculous.

And your husband himself, with the experience of past life, will decide the comparison in your favor.

Thanks to modesty, and to the memories which you will skilfully call up before him, *unity will be obtained.*

And you can thus live out the rest of your lives tranquilly, and with easy consciences.

Will you begin over again after death? That's what you will see.

To hope is a fine thing; but may a hope not allow you to forget all that you can do in the present.

I finished my self-imposed task, when I learned what pleasure was.

I have followed it, step by step, to the period when all pleasure ceases.

A life employed according to Nature's precepts, is a happy one.

And yet some pretend that there is no happiness without love. But what connection is there between love and pleasure, unless love is that adoration due to woman by man?

I am in doubt, and refrain from answering, and I still ask all who know:

What is love? A POOR YOUNG MAN.

WHAT IS LOVE?

I. The Reason of this Long Preamble.

Like everyone else, I have read M. Michelet's book. The question arises, Have I read it understandingly?

Like everyone else, I am acquainted with the "Poor Young Man" of M. Octave Feuillet.

These are my observations:

M. Michelet has written an admirable book, but he committed one great error.

He gave the title of *Love* to a book which treats only of conjugal love.

According to M. Michelet, love can only result from the legitimate union of man and woman. He has poetized domesticity, made of the husband a poet, and of the wife a poem.

Did he shrink from a title already taken by that wretched old book of Doctor Venette's? I dare not suppose so.

But one thing is certain, that all who said to themselves: M. Michelet, the great writer, the great poet, has written a treatise on love, let us read this book—all these persons have been deceived.

It is also certain, that M. Michelet has made a book, as all poets do. He has embellished every existing thing, but he has created nothing.

I have followed the arrangement of the ideas in his book; I have copied the principal thoughts, and had them printed in italics.

But while following my illustrious predecessor I have defended new, different, and opposite ideas.

It rests with the public to pardon or condemn me.

I have said what I thought of woman. I have not made her the refractory child that M. Michelet does, I have not made her what she is according to the laws of society.

I have said what I thought of her, and I have viewed her according to the teachings of my heart, and of my convictions.

It all men do not think as I do, let them not be inconsolable. The edifice of their pride is based upon something too solid for this light tract to overturn it:

Brute force!

It remains to me to explain why I took the *pseudonym* of "*A Poor Young Man.*"

I wished to protest against that insipid literature, which, under pretext of respectability, inculcates false and vulgar ideas. I wished to protest against the style which triumphs now-a-days, and which finds an asylum, a conservatory, a temple in the Institute of France!

I protested gaily, because that is the only protestation permissible.

And if M. Octave Feuillet, whom I only take as an example, and because he is the most prominent just now, should get angry, I would say to him:

You are the scape-goat of the tribe of *litterateurs* who are considered respectable, and whom I look upon as absurd. Indemnify yourself through Messrs. Augier, Ponsard, and Sandeau.

They are of the Academy, and you are not. You have a right to be prouder than they. I have not underrated you in anything like the proportion that you surpass them.

That is why, dear reader, I have made a preamble much longer than what I had to say to you, to justify my title—

What is Love?

II. How the Man Should Love.

Is there anything true in the love we read about in novels? Perhaps much more than we care to believe.

Man looks at woman in two ways.

He looks at her with the eyes of the flesh.

He looks at her with the eyes of the soul.

Putting aside the question of good or bad taste, it is evident that the woman he looks at appears, at first, pretty, then well formed.

His desire is aroused from the first, afterwards his sympathies grow out of a study, in which passion renders the man a partial judge.

In this case, the spark flashes forth at the first blow. Love bursts out like the bomb from a mortar. It seizes hold of you, knocks you down, and overpowers you in an instant. It is only to justify this sort of passionate folly, that man looks for, and discovers, if he do not invent, the brilliant mental qualities with which he adorns the woman whom his passion has chosen.

Is this love durable?

It would be, most certainly, the only love possible, if social order had not corrupted the human character. We must allow that the woman, placed in a circle which is not her own, has all the good qualities, and all the faults that her education gives her. If society took woman from her cradle, and maintained her always in her own sphere, she, being eminently plastic in her nature, would have all the good qualities that, from her normal condition, could be expected. She would be above all the mediator and conciliator of all differences, social and domestic. Her character, being unbiassed, would mould itself in that of the man who should devote himself to her.

It becomes then evident that carnal love, violent love, love in which the man fulfills the duties imposed upon him by his natural position, cannot be durable in our present social organization.

Let us now look from the second stand-point. A man finds himself frequently in the company of a woman. He is not struck with her, but, little by little, a number of charming details assert their existence, and prove to him, mathematically, that a complete similarity exists between their minds. He then begins to feel an esteem for a being who is capable of understanding him. The slightest details add to the esteem and transform it into admiration.

The goddess exists for him.

It is now proved to be true that the features of the face have a direct connection with the form of the character. The face of the woman is then the manifestation of her intimate thoughts, and the appearance of this face determines the desire, not violent but unchangeable, for possession.

Follow me closely now, and you will see the form delineate itself.

In this communion of ideas, the body even assumes a signification. It speaks to the soul, as well as the eyes and the mouth.

The goddess is yet something essentially vaporous and impalpable. But there is no expression that the sculptor cannot render, and so the living, animated statue of the goddess rises up before you.

Then, and as the result of reciprocation, a fire penetrates you, a slow but never-ending passion consumes you little by little. This is a continued, eternal, unextinguishable fire to which you can give if necessary, the name of *true love*, since it is the only one which can be durable in the present state of society.

III. How the Woman should Love.

A woman cannot, under any circumstances, feel a lasting love for a man, before that man has told her or given her to understand his passion or his sympathy,

You will say: "Is it not possible for the woman to feel that violent passion for the man which is the result of his fine personal appearance?"

And I will answer you: "No. Woman cannot, however civilization may have corrupted her mind, or vitiated her instincts, condescend to observe a person who has not, either actually or by assimilation, recognized her right to be worshipped."

You will still object: "Have we not seen women fall in love with an actor who was as stupid as he was handsome?"

And I will answer you: "It is unhappily only too true that, sacrificing their standing as women to the satisfaction of a brutal passion, the Messalinas of our century countenance the low people who display upon the boards of a theatre, their vanity and their good looks. But the fault lies entirely with that shameful civilization, which authorises disgusting exhibitions,—of men, for women,—of women, for men."

But fortunately such abominations are not lasting, and sooner or later, woman, brought back to a sense of her dignity, will abandon these unworthy practices, to resume the position that she ought to occupy, in spite of social order.

IV. Vice-Versa.

This chapter might be entitled: "How *do* men and women love each other?"

The romance proceeds after this fashion:

A man associates with a woman. He perceives that she has a number of good qualities. He admires her.

The woman, on her side, perceives that all her good thoughts have an echo in the soul of the man. She esteems him.

The relations between them are rapidly formed.

What charming motives for it. Family, religion, charity! An association for the cultivation of the beautiful.

The man has a fine thought. He submits it to her. In the fulness of the pleasure that she feels, the woman thanks him, thanks him for his generous impulse, for his high and noble thought.

Under the innocent pressure of that womanly hand, a warm breath seems to circulate in your veins.

What delicious moments you pass thus!

The most noble aspirations occur to each of you. And each time that the spark flashes out.

"I have thought thus," you say, pressing her hand.

"And I too," she answers.

Then you look into each other's eyes.

You have mutually before you a holy maxim, the true code of humanity.

You, man, say to yourself; "Her beautiful eyes will see for me."

She says to herself the same thing.

Observe, *en passant*, that you acknowledge she has beautiful eyes.

You already acknowledge her beauty, but her divine beauty, the beauty of the soul.

She, the divinity, sees that you are made in her image.

Well, there you are, you love each other.

Undoubtedly the way is long from this adoration to passion and to desire. But the descent is easy, and she will lead you to it, when, urged on by an impulse of gratitude, of admiration, you put out your arms to clasp her to your bosom.

It is never known which of the two first speaks those soft, low words which are the beginning of real ecstacy:

"I love you."

V. The End of the Novel.

To begin with. I do not consider this a question of marriage. I have, laughinghly, set down my opinions on the subject of social order.

And, nevertheless, you must marry, unless, by your independent position, you can afford to laugh at Mrs. Grundy.

You are then married or have . . . .

What a naughty word was then at the point of my pen! If it were merely for the sake of not mentioning it, let us say that you are married.

One thing there can be no doubt about, and that is that you are alone, in your own chamber, with a woman whom you love and who is pure.

If she be not pure, love rehabilitates her.

I maintain, *en passant*, that whatever her faults have been, a woman who loves is rehabilitated. If she has done wrong, it is the fault of society. Through love she is restored to her place.

You imprint a kiss upon her neck, another upon her shoulder. . . . . .

At this supreme moment, it is your duty to swear to this woman who gives herself up to you, who assimilates her nature to yours, who gives you the best of her life, that from the moment she is yours, you will be hers, and hers only, forever.

Let there be in your voice that firmness which becomes a declaration of this kind, and let the promise that you make verbally, be made mentally beforehand.

She will believe you.

Do not fear that her modesty will be shocked.

And, if, at the last moment, a doubt clings to her mind, remove it by imprinting upon her cold lips a final kiss.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, pardon me.

Yes, pardon me, if by chance I have made a mistake in introducing into my light treatise a few serious reflections.

To pardon me without too much of an effort on your part, remember that I have spoken a few words of consolation to poor down-trodden woman. That I have said, perhaps too lightly, that woman is what she is, often, alas! only because man has used his brutal strength to make her subservient to his gross desires.

That he has surrounded the edifice of his foolish pride with legal forms,

That, finally, there is one thing, which, though beautiful in the *ensemble*, is absurd when it relates to the veritable condition of the woman, the mother, the sister, the wife, the beloved,

Social order!

ALFRED D'AUNAY.

ONCE BEFORE.

Sole she sat beside her window,
Hearing only rain-drops pour,
Looking only at the shore,
When, outside the little casement,
Weeping in a feigned abasement,
Love stood knocking—
Knocking at her bolted door.

Slow she swung the little casement
Where the Autumn roses glowed,
Sweet and sad her deep eyes showed,
And her voice, in gentlest measure,
Said aloud—"Nor Love nor Pleasure
"Can come in here any more—
"Never, any more!"

"But I am not Love nor Pleasure—
"I am but an orphan baby,
"Lost, my mother is, or may-be—
"Dead she lies, while I am weeping,"
Sobbed the child, his soft lie creeping
Softly through the bolted door—
Through the maiden's door.

Low she said, in accents lonely:
"Once I let him in before,
"Once I opened wide my door.
"Ever since my life is dreary,
"All my prayers are vague and weary,
"Once I let him in before,
"Now I'll double-lock the door!"

In the rain he stands imploring;
Tears and kisses storm the door,
Where she let him in before.
Will she never know repenting?
Will she ever, late relenting,
Let him in as once before?
Will she double-lock the door?

A. W. H.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 8, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

A Sequel to The Suspense of Faith. By Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., Minister to the First Congregational Church in New York. Addressed to his own Congregation, September 25th, 1859, on the reopening of All Soul's Church, after the Summer Vacation. 25 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Discourse on Rev. Theodore Parker's Theology. 15 cents. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

The Broad Church. Some considerations upon "The Suspense of Faith;" an Address by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, delivered before the Divinity School of Harvard College, July 19; originally published in the Boston *Courier*, August 20, 1859. Paper, 16mo, pp. 28. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

A Dictionary of the Holy Bible, for General Use in the Study of the Scriptures; with engravings, maps, and tables. 12mo, pp. 553. New York: American Tract Society.

TRAVELS, ETC.

Highways of Travel; or, a Summer in Europe. By Margaret J. Sweat. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

HISTORICAL.

The Puritans; or the Church, Court, and Parliament of England, during the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins. Vol. 1, 8mo, pp 549. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life and Times of James Madison. By the Hon. Wm. C. Rives. Vol. 1, 8vo, cloth. $2 25. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Life, Speeches, and Memorials of Daniel Webster, containing his most celebrated Orations, a Selection from the Eulogies delivered on the occasion of his Death, and his Life and Times. By Samuel M. Smucker, LL.D. Philadelphia: Duane Rulison.

LEGAL.

The Fire Laws of the Cities of New York and Brooklyn and the adjacent Counties. New York: W. Reid Gould.

The Builders' Lien Laws for the City of New York and other Cities, Villages, and Counties, with latest amendments to the same. New York: W. Reid Gould.

HISTORICAL.

Our Bible Chronology, Historic, and Prophetic, Critically Examined and Demonstrated, harmonized with the Chronology of the Profane Writers, accompanied with extensive Chronological and Genealogical Tables, from the earliest Records to the present time; a map of the Ancients, a chart of the course of empire, and pictorial illustrations. By the Rev. R. C. Schimeall. $2. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

POETRY.

The Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. 2 volumes. New York: J. S. Redfield.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rifles and Rifle Practice; an Elementary Treatise upon the Theory of Rifle-Firing, explaining the causes of inaccuracy of firing, and the manner of correcting it. With descriptions of the infantry rifles of Europe and the United States, their balls and cartridges. Illustrated with woodcuts and engravings. By C. M. Wilcox, United States Army. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

The New American Cyclopædia. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. 7, pp. 786, 8vo, cloth. $3 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Hairdresser's Experience in High Life. Written by Herself. New York: T. J. Crowen.

ENGLISH.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Wait and Hope. By John Edmund Reade. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Edith Grey; or, Ten Years Ago. By Charlotte Bonomi. 1s. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

The Gordian Knot. By Shirley Brooks, author of "Aspen Court." 1 vol., 12s. 6d., bound. London: Richard Bentley.

The Two Homes. By William Mathews, author of "The Heir of Vallis," 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Erin-Go-Bragh; or, Irish Life Pictures. By. W. H. Maxwell, author of "Stories of Waterloo." 2 vols., post octavo, with portrait, 21s. London: Richard Bentley.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A Tractate on Language. By Gordon Willoughby James Gyll, Esq., of Wraysbury, Bucks; Member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. London: Henry G. Bohn.

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Wool and Woolen Manufactures of Great Britain; a Historical Sketch of Rise, Progress, and Present Position. By Samuel Brothers. Containing a Complete Account of the Manufacture and Trade from the Earliest Period, with full Statistics. 10s. 6d. London: Piper, Stephenson & Spence.

A Little Tour in Ireland: being a Visit to Dublin, Galway, Connamara, Athlone, Limerick, Killarney, Glengarriff, Cork, etc., etc. By an Oxonian. With a Colored Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations by John Leech. 10s. 6d. London: Bradbury & Evans.

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Gaieties and Gravities; or, Musings on some of Shakespeare's Characters. By William Maginn, LL.D. Small octavo. London: Richard Bentley.

The Quakers, or Friends: their Rise and Decline. Demy 8vo, pp. 50, sewed, 1s. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.

A History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature, so far as it illustrates the Primitive Religion of the Brahmans. By Max Müller, M.A., Taylorian Professor in the University of Oxford. 8vo, 21s. London: Williams & Norgate.

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REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Memoirs of Robert Houdin, Ambassador, Author, and Conjurer. Written by himself. Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. 12mo, cloth. 445 pages. $1. Philadelphia: George E. Evans.

NOVELS.

Almost a Heroine. A Novel. By the author of "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," etc. 16mo. pp. 399. $1. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Germaine. By Edmund About, author of the "Roman Question." Translated by Mary L. Booth. $1. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

The Adventuress; or, The Baddington Peerage. Being The Lives of their Lordships. A Story of the Best and Worst Society. By George Augustus Sala, author of "A Journey Due North," etc. 50 cents. New York: Frederic A. Brady.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The First, Second, and Third Philippics of Demosthenes. 12mo, cloth, pp. 249. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

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Bininger's London Dock Gin.
Our Clarets are not surpassed in the market.

The above are not only commendable for their cheering qualities, but from their Purity (guaranteed by the standard of our Firm), possess Nutritive, Medicinal, and Recuperative qualities, which render their presence in the household highly desirable.

Ladies' Drinks:

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE,
MARASCHINO,
CURACO,
ANISETTE,
ABSINTHE,
NOYEAU,
etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

The above have ever met with the most unequivocal commendation.

PORTER, ALE, STOUT.

It is a well-known fact that every medical man in England recommends STOUT or PORTER, according to the strength of the constitution of the patient, in cases of Delicate Female Health. Of all the Stouts so used, HIBBERT'S is the most universally recommended. There is a good *mot* of the Duchess of Kent: "Hibbert's Porter," said her Grace, "makes me Stout!"

Circulars, containing list of articles and prices, forwarded to those requiring them.

Purchases forwarded to any part of the country.

WINES, COGNACS, etc., etc., sent in the WOOD, or in CASES OF ONE DOZEN EACH.

IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN EACH.
IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN EACH.

MEDICAL ETC.

COCOAINA,
A Compound of Cocoanut Oil, but known as
Dr. BENJAMIN'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,

Is the only preparation in the world that will really restore the hair. Its renovating powers are truly wonderful.

NONE NEED BE BALD

who will try this remedy, and persevere in it long enough to give it a chance to operate on the roots of the hair, and renew their natural life and vigor.

Try it ONCE, and you will surely be satisfied to continue.

It will also cleanse the hair, impart to it a beautiful brightness, and render it soft, glossy, luxuriant, and inclined to curl.

Sold only at the MEDICAL AGENCY, 742 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

K. CRUGER, Agent.

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, it is well known, cures *TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAFES, TENDER FLESH, &c.*, besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTLE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, warranted. LIQUID ROUGE for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE for flushed, red, and heated faces. HAIR DYE, instantly converts red, gray, or light hair to a beautiful brown, without staining the skin. HAIR RESTORATIVE for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy, and silky. Found at Dr. GOURAUD's old established depot, No. 67 WALKER STREET, first store from Broadway. Sold by Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

INSURANCE.

Three-Fourths of the Profits of the
business divided annually to
POLICY-HOLDERS.

Continental Insurance Co.,
18 Wall street, New York.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - -	$500,000 00
ASSETS, July 1, 1859, - - - -	905,681 84
LIABILITIES, - - - - - - -	16,514 37

The attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features in connection with this Company:

First—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

First Division to Policy Holders,				1857,	33 1-3 per cent.
Second	do.	do.	do.	1858,	50 " "
Third	do.	do.	do.	1859,	50 " "

Second.—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted.

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Company	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets,	905,681 84
" " Liabilities,	16,514 37

Third.—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

GEO. T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary.
CYRUS PECK, Assistant Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since		1853.
38 " " "	- -	1848.
39½ " " "	- -	1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858, - -		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate, - -	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company, -	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 12

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

EDUCATION.

MRS. MEARS-BURKHARDT'S
French and English
Boarding & Day School for Young Ladies,
Nos. 32 and 30 West Fifteenth Street.
Below Fifth Avenue, N. Y.,
Reopens on THURSDAY, September 15.

MRS. MEARS-BURKHARDT will be at home, to receive parents and guardians who may wish to confer with her, on and after September 5.

Circulars may be obtained on application as above, as also at the bookstore of Roe Lockwood & Son, No. 411 Broadway, and the Music store of C. Breusing, No. 701 Broadway.

HANDSOME PRIZES
FOR
TARGET COMPANIES.

PLATED GOODS expressly designed for Prizes and Presents for Societies and Schools. A new and large assortment, such as

OYSTER AND CREAM LADLES,
DESSERT KNIVES, CAKE KNIVES,
CAKE BASKETS, SUGAR BASKETS,
CASTORS, GOBLETS, FORKS, SPOONS,
BUTTER COOLERS, PITCHERS, etc., etc.
—ALSO—
Brittannia and Rolled Metal Goods.

A call is solicited—goods shown cheerfully to all.

W. S. MURRAY,
22 John street (between Broadway and Nassau), N. Y.

GAS! GAS! GAS!

A splendid assortment of Gas Fixtures and French Bronzes for sale, at very low prices, at

STEPHEN PHILBIN'S WAREROOMS,
No. 707 Broadway.

Between Washington Place and Fortieth street.

Stores, private dwellings, and public buildings of any kind fitted up with gas pipes in the most approved manner, and on reasonable terms.

Orders for Plumbing work promptly attended to as usual.

ILLUMINATED ENVELOPES.

Every Envelope a Business Card!

These ENVELOPES are printed in tints—Illustrated and Ornamented to suit any trade or business. Every man in business should use them. Samples sent on receipt of stamps to pay postage.

N ORR & CO.,
52 John street, New York.

The New Map Establishment,
No. 18 Beekman street, N. Y., (up stairs.)

THAYER & COLTON,
PUBLISHERS OF
COLTON'S MAPS.

HORACE THAYER, late Thayer, Bridgman & Fanning.
G. WOOLWORTH COLTON, late J. H. Colton & Co.

A full assortment of American and European
Mounted and Pocket Maps,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Map Drawing, Engraving, Printing,
COLORING & MOUNTING, for the trade.
ADVERTISING MAPS,
For Railroad Posters, Reports, &c.

☞ George Woolworth Colton is well-known as a practical Map-Designer for the past 15 years.

⁂ Agents wanted in all parts of the country.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, ALBANY, August 31, 1859.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

SIR: NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, AT THE GENERAL ELECTION to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Gideon J. Tucker;

A Comptroller, in the place of Sandford E. Church;

An Attorney General, in the place of Lyman Tremain;

A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van R. Richmond;

A State Treasurer, in the place of Isaac V. Vanderpoel;

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Charles H. Sherrill;

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Wesley Bailey;

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Alexander S. Johnson;

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Russell F. Hicks;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also a Justice of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial Districts, in the place of James J. Roosevelt, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also Senators for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Senate Districts, comprising the County of New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Seventeen Members of Assembly;

Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the place of John Slosson and James Moncrief;

One Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Charles P. Daly;

One Justice of the Marine Court, in the place of Albert A. Thompson;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to chap. 271, of Laws of 1859, a copy of which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to their duties under said act, "submitting to the people a law authorizing a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to provide for the payment of the floating debt of the State."

CHAPTER 271.

AN ACT to submit to the People a Law authorizing a Loan of Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, to provide for the payment of the Floating Debt of the State. Passed April 13, 1859—three-fifths being present.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, REPRESENTED IN SENATE AND ASSEMBLY, DO ENACT AS FOLLOWS:

SECTION 1. The Commissioners of the Canal Fund are hereby authorized to borrow on the credit of the State two million five hundred thousand dollars, at a rate not exceeding six per cent per annum, and reimbursable at such periods as shall be determined by the said Commissioners, not exceeding eighteen years from the time of making such loan. All the provisions of law in relation to loans made by Commissioners of the Canal Fund, and the issue and transfer of certificates of stock, shall apply to loans authorized by this act, so far as the same are applicable.

SEC. 2. The moneys realized by such loan shall be applied exclusively to the payment of claims against the State not otherwise provided for, for work done on the canals of the State, and for private property appropriated by the State for the use of such canals, and for injury to private property growing out of the construction of the canals, or to the payment of the principal and interest of such loan, and for no other purpose whatever.

SEC. 3. Two million five hundred thousand dollars is hereby appropriated to be paid out of the Treasury, on the warrant of the Auditor of the Canal Department, from the said moneys, within two years from the time when this act shall take effect, for the payment of claims against the State, specified in the last preceding section, and for the payment of the interest on the loan authorized by this act, which shall become payable prior to the receipt into the Treasury of the first annual tax, hereinafter directed to be levied and collected, for the payment of the interest and principal of the loans authorized by this act; but any sum applied to pay interest as aforesaid may be refunded out of the proceeds of the said taxes when received into the Treasury.

SEC. 4. An annual tax is hereby imposed and shall be levied and collected in the same manner as other State taxes are levied and collected, sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of the loan hereby authorized, within eighteen years from the time of the contracting thereof. The Comptroller shall ascertain and determine what sum, being applied in payment of principal and interest, in the first year after the tax can be collected as aforesaid, and in each succeeding year thereafter, within the period of eighteen years from the time of contracting said loan, will be sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of said loan within said period of eighteen years; and shall in each year apportion the sum so required among the several counties of this State, according to the then last corrected assessment rolls returned to his office, and shall give notice of such apportionment to the Boards of Supervisors of the respective counties. It shall be the duty of the Boards of Supervisors of the respective counties to cause the amount so apportioned in each year to be levied, collected, and paid to the Treasurer of this State, in the same manner as other State taxes. The money collected and paid into the treasury under this section, shall constitute a sinking fund to pay the interest and redeem the principal of the loan contracted pursuant to this act, and shall be sacredly applied to that purpose; and if, at any time, the sinking fund shall be insufficient to comply with the requirements of this section, the Comptroller shall increase the sum thereafter to be levied and collected by tax in each year, so as to make the fund adequate for the purpose aforesaid.

SEC. 5. The fourth section of this act, imposing a tax, may be repealed whenever the revenues of the canals, after meeting all present constitutional charges upon them, shall amount to enough to form a sinking fund sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of all loans within the eighteen years mentioned in the first section of this act.

SEC. 6. This act shall be submitted to the people of this State, at the next general election, and the votes given for its adoption shall be indorsed "Constitutional Loan," and shall be in the following form: "For a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State," and "Against the loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State." The inspectors of the several election districts of this State shall provide a separate box, in which the ballots given in pursuance of this act shall be deposited. The ballots shall be canvassed and returned, and the result shall be determined and certified in the same manner as votes given for the office of Governor of this State. If a majority of the votes cast, pursuant to this act, shall be "For a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars to pay the floating debt of the State," then the preceding sections of this act shall take effect; but if a majority of the votes so cast shall be "Against a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars to pay the floating debt of the State," then the said sections shall not take effect, but shall be inoperative.

Yours, respectfully,
GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK,
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, August 31, 1859.

I hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original notice received by me from the Secretary of State and now on file in this office. JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

All the proprietors of public newspapers of the City and County of New York are herewith requested to publish the above once in each week until the election, and cause their bills for said publication to be sent to the Board of Supervisors for payment. Dated New York, August 31, 1859. JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

PRINTED AT ALLEN'S OFFICE, 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.